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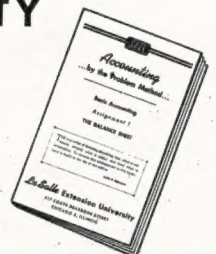
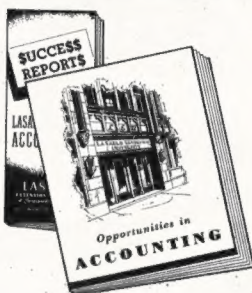
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# SIR!

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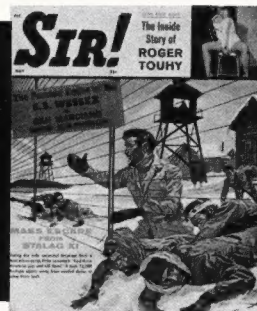
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**VOL. 16**

**No. 11**

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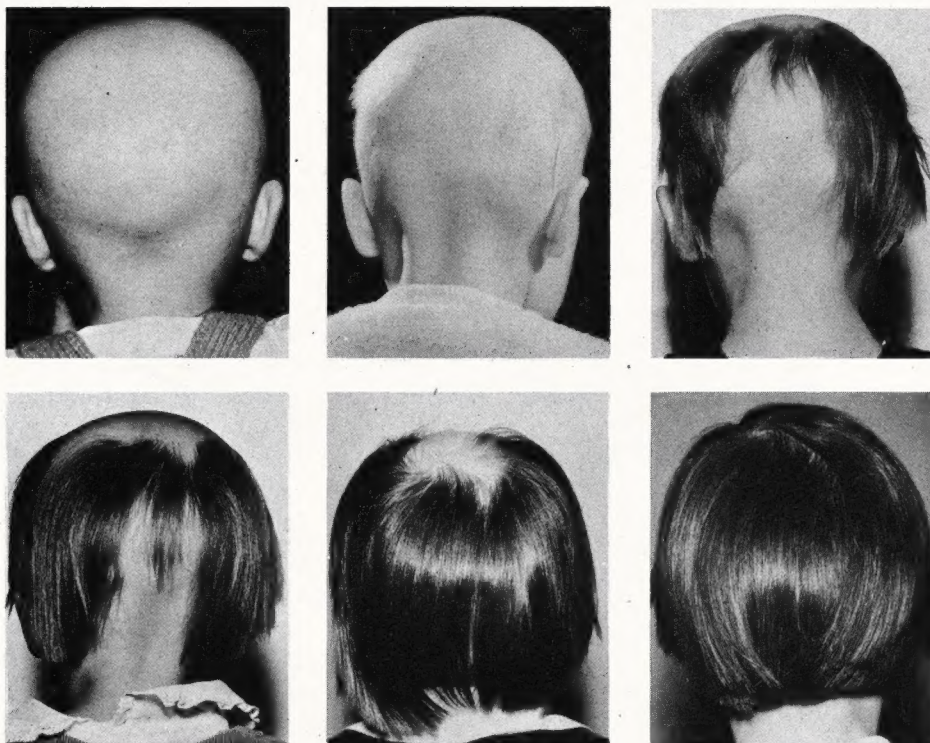
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May, 1960 Vol. 16, No. 11



# If you are bald or losing hair



## you can take hope for new growth from these dramatic pictures!!

When most of this little girl's hair fell out her parents were heartbroken—but they didn't give up hope.

And fortunately they set about reviving the lag-gard hair roots before life was entirely gone, even though many were not then growing hairs.

First result noticed — after starting use of the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage—was lessening of the hair fall. Then hair began to grow back again in bare areas, and kept right on growing.

"Today our daughter has practically a full head of hair except for one spot where the scalp was apparently

burned in light treatments we tried out early. Doctors who were skeptical now shake their heads in wonderment because our little girl does indeed have new hair, as shown by these pictures of the transition".

If you are bald or losing hair you can take hope for your own case. Even on smooth bald scalps the

roots (follicles) may still be alive—but you musn't wait. The spark of life may die. This Home Plan has stood the test of time and experience. Write for full information. It is FREE of course, no salesman will call. Carl Brandenfels, 2261 Columbia Blvd., St. Helens, Ore.

### HERE'S MORE EVIDENCE FOR HOPE!

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- Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission given.

- References: St. Helens Bank, U.S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce — all St. Helens, Oregon.



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# DEAR SIR!...



## YOU CUR!

### MAXIE'S MOXIE

Dear SIR!:

If you really think Max Baer was the best right-hand puncher in the business (April), then you're way off base. Sure he was good in his time—so were Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis. Each heavyweight in his own era.

I remember those stories of how Maxie was able to knock around his big brother Buddy, but for my money, Dempsey was better than Max.

If you want to go all the way back, how about John L. Sullivan? There was a man who could really punch, with his bare knuckles.

Sam DeWitt  
Fargo, N. Dak.

Dear SIR!:

Why the hell doesn't somebody give Sonny Liston a chance? Off the record a lot of guys in the boxing dodge will tell you that Liston is the best of the current crop. But all the big shots are running scared because of the bad publicity the game has at the present time, and they're afraid it would look even worse if a pug with Liston's background and connections were to become World Champ.

It's a generally accepted fact among the busted beak set that Liston could handle any and all of the present contenders and pretenders. All the fight game needs to get back on its feet is a few "pier 6" brawls, a round-robin deal with Liston, Johansson, Patterson and maybe even Archie Moore.

The hoods and phonies have loused up the game so much now that the only regular scheduled fights are in the law courts. Why don't they let the guys decide who is champ in the ring? Not in some ambulance chaser's plush office.

John L. Solomen  
Chicago, Ill.

### BEATNIK ANSWERS BACK

Dear SIR!:

Like, man, you cubits are bugging way in, setting the scene for that bit, "The Beatnik Plot Against Teenagers." (Feb.) Commie plot? Sam, you must really be floating. You don't pick up

at all. We dig Zen. Nikita is from nothingsville.

Like, in our pad Buddha is the big one, not little daddy Marx. The only Marx we fly with is Harpo, the stringiest.

Like, why don't you lacerate them that earn it, the meat-packing industry, the fat cats that cause the whole bloody mess. As Zoroaster said, if there were no meat-eaters there would be no wars!

Lenny Bernhardt  
San Francisco, Calif.

### HE'S NO AFICIONADO . . .

Dear SIR!:

I've never seen a bullfight (except in the movies) and never hope to see one. I don't care what Mr. Hoyt McAfee says (April), I think it's a cruel sport. But I must tell you that one part of the article gave me a big laugh—when Mr. McAfee explains the awards in bullfighting and says that once in a great, great while a matador gives such a magnificent performance that the bullfight is stopped and he gets the greatest of all honors. Not just the ears, tail or hoof of the bull—he gets the whole animal! What, I'd like to know, does the matador do with the whole animal?

Donald P.  
Boise, Idaho

### . . . HE IS!

Dear SIR!:

Thanks for the swell articles on bullfighting. My ambition is to get to Tijuana and Juarez next summer to see them. I hope to meet Hoyt McAfee too.

A Bullfight Fan  
Bangor, Maine

### THE FINNS HAVE IT!

Dear SIR!:

That article on Finnish steam baths (March) was great. No matter what you say about them, European girls have it all over American ones. I showed the article to my girl friend. I don't expect her to start running to a steam bath (do they have 'em here? I don't know), but maybe she'll get the idea that maybe she doesn't have to go to

the beauty parlor *every* Thursday night. It's like a religion with that dame of mine. When I think of all the money she's spent there the past five years! She looks good when we go out, but judging from the pictures of those Finnish girls, they're not half-bad, either. And without all that junk on their faces.

What lots of American girls don't realize is that they scare a fellow off from marriage when they spend too much money on clothes and the beauty parlor and things of that sort. Who can afford it?

Jim L.  
Ansonia, Conn.

### JAPAN'S SEX STORE

Dear SIR!:

I was in Japan with the U.S. Occupation forces and Akafune's sex store (Feb.) was one of the big places to see that people were always kidding about. I was there twice and it's plenty interesting, because it's the kind of place you'll never see in the States, but maybe I'm sort of innocent or stupid or something. I don't see why people should buy that stuff or use it. Personally I think it's all in the mind. If you use the stuff you think you should be more virile, so you begin to feel that way. I think all these aphrodisiacs are the bunk. At least the girls I knew in Japan were no sexier than the ones back home, except that you didn't have to give them the same big buildup.

W.G.W.  
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Dear SIR!:

What we need is a more tolerant attitude toward the facts of life. We're still in the Dark Ages about love-making when you compare this country with places like Japan and France. I'll bet we wouldn't have such a big delinquency problem if we were more broad-minded about sex.

With all the Congressional investigations we've been having lately, it mightn't be such a bad idea if the government looked into this question too.

Charles O'Connor  
New York City

### PORNOGRAPHY OR ART?

Dear SIR!:

I don't usually bother to write letters to editors, but if you people had any feeling for art you'd know that D.H. Lawrence's paintings (Feb.) are works of art in the real, pure sense. If you'd look at some of the excerpts you printed from his own writings you'd realize that there was nothing dirty-minded about the man in his portrayal of life.

A Lawrence Fan  
Boston, Mass.

(Editors Note: There's still a difference of opinion!)



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## The CHARACTERS!



①

Thomas J. Courtney is now a circuit court judge. He was senior prosecutor for Factor kidnap trial.

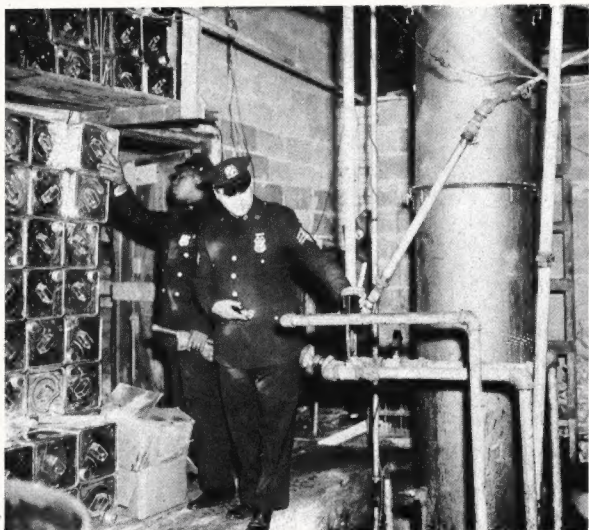


②

Daniel "Tubbo" Gilbert, "the world's richest cop," was chief investigator for the prosecution in Factor trial.

EXTRA BOOK BONUS

# The Inside Story of ROGER TOUHY



Big prize during Prohibition was the territory for selling bootleg beer. Touhy's brew was considered the best.

BY JERRY ROBSON

● ● THE NIGHT was clear and moonlit that Wednesday evening, December 16, 1959, when two men stepped out of an automobile in front of 115 North Lotus Street in the West Side Chicago residential neighborhood.

"Looks like we're going to have a nice brisk white Christmas," the shorter of the two men was saying. "Clara and the boys want me to spend the day with them, but I don't figure to involve them in this mess. That's just the day the syndicate might choose to send me a Christmas present in the form of a pineapple suitably done up in gift wrapping."

"Yes," his companion answered. He was the taller of the two and the older looking. "You've protected your wife and the boys as much as you could, Rog. In a few weeks the money from the sale of your book will start rolling in and you'll be able to get that place in Florida you've always been dreaming of."

With the taller, walking on the outside, the two jaunted down the street, heading for the two-story apartment building at 125 North Lotus.





③ "Jake the Barber" Factor faced deportation to England for an \$8,000,000 swindle. His kidnap conveniently kept him in U.S.A.



④ Al Capone, Chicago gangster, bootlegger and Touhy's enemy.



⑤ Roger Touhy, bootlegger and labor skate was fall guy; swore innocence in Factor kidnap.



Touhy lies in a pool of blood minutes after he was gunned to death.

## The PLOT!

1. Thomas J. Courtney, now a circuit judge, had political ambitions. A novice at gathering prosecuting evidence, he relied on Daniel Gilbert to give him an entire case.
2. Daniel "Tubbo" Gilbert was a veteran thief-catcher, a severe disciplinarian and a ruthless investigator. He had a working knowledge of the Capone mob. Gilbert prosecuted the mob in the Chicago Liquor Union, but no one went to jail in the 12 years he was in office. Capone hoods ended up in control of the union. Tubbo had personal enmity toward Touhy.
3. John "Jake the Barber" Factor was wanted in England for an \$8,000,000 embezzlement. With Lindbergh kidnaping scare at its height, the snatching of Factor's son served to keep Factor in the U.S.A. When deportation again seemed certain, Jake himself was kidnaped.
4. Capone feared Touhy reprisal for the territorial slaying of John Touhy. Capone wanted Roger Touhy out of the way because of the Teamsters Union labor dispute; later, control of the Bartenders Union.
5. Roger Touhy, bootlegger and labor skate, was the fall guy. First accused of Hamm kidnaping, he was held in violation of his civil rights and beaten continually for 30 days. Acquitted of this kidnaping, Touhy stood trial for kidnaping Jake Factor. First jury disagreed; second gave him 99-year sentence. Judge John P. Barnes reversed the decision 20 years later, stating: "... And the court finds Roger Touhy did not kidnap John Factor and, in fact, had no part in the alleged kidnaping. . . ."



## ROGER TOUHY . . .

They swung up the six stone steps leading to the door of the downstairs apartment—and then it happened.

From the shadows of the next-door driveway three forms appeared. Shotguns swung to shoulders and loud blasts shattered the silence of the quiet suburban neighborhood.

The two figures on the cement stoop slumped to a sitting position and the taller whipped out a police positive and went into action. He emptied the gun at the assassins, but they wanted no part of it. First one man bolted and ran, then another, and finally the tallest of the three turned and fled down the street. But this man staggered as he ran.

It was the final chapter in the unbelievable saga of Roger Touhy, notorious bootlegger, jail breaker and, according to Federal Court Judge John P. Barnes (and to many newspapermen), the victim of one of the greatest frame-ups in the history of American jurisprudence.

If what the dying man sitting on the stone stoop charged in his book, "The Stolen Years", is true, then the foundations of Chicago civic government is rotten to the core, and the federal government should step into the city and start indictments.

That night, shortly after the neighbors heard the fusillade that sounded like a 4th of July celebration, wire services all over the country sent out the news that Roger Touhy's long search for freedom was over.

As dozens of lights blinked on in neighborhood homes and apartments, and inquisitive faces pressed against windows, Roger Touhy and his friend, Walter Miller, a retired police sergeant who had been guarding him, were rushed to St. Ann's Hospital.

A short while later Roger Touhy died on the operating table from loss of blood. Police Commissioner Timothy J. O'Connor ordered a report to explain why a tourniquet had not been applied to the wound. But doctors at the hospital said the gaping shotgun blast in Touhy's left thigh was too high up and too large for a tourniquet to be applied.

The man who claimed to have spent twenty-eight of his 62 years unjustly imprisoned died quietly, after receiving the last sacraments of the Catholic Church.

Walter Miller, with four slugs in his body, recovered after extensive surgery and many weeks in the hospital. Mrs. Genevieve Miller, his loyal wife of thirty-nine years and the mother of his son and daughter, gave out press interviews defending her husband. She said Miller told her he thought Chicago's politically linked crime syndicate had Touhy slain because "they are mad at him for the remarks in his book "The Stolen Years."

In one interview, shortly after spending eighteen straight hours at her husband's bedside, she said: "Why does Mayor Daley allow anything like this? He knows what's going on. I believe it is the mayor's responsibility to stop this sort of thing."

She also gave a blast to Police Commissioner O'Connor, saying: "What is the commissioner doing?"

And Genevieve went on talking, off the record, to reporters. There was no denying that her statements were loaded, and she knew a lot more than she was saying.

Two weeks after the slaying of Roger Touhy, Genevieve Miller was found unconscious on her kitchen floor. Intruders had given her a severe beating. Two days later she died. She never regained consciousness and the police could find no clue to the assailants.

Genevieve's press interviews—on or off the record—



Pix show Touhy, l., after he had served 24 years of 99-year stretch for Jake Factor kidnaping; and, r., as he appeared when sentenced in 1934. Touhy swore he didn't commit crime.



Released on parole for "Jake the Barber" Factor kidnaping, Touhy, 61, embraces his wife. He was murdered 23 days later.

were forever silenced.

And so the tangled web of Roger Touhy's stolen years had another chapter written into its bloody pages. But what is the solution of the mystery? What is it all about?

As a Chicago bootlegger Roger Touhy was a mild-mannered man who had never been arrested, never had any trouble with the police, and had never given out big political bribes for the privilege of serving the public good prohibition beer. He got by on the excellence of his product alone. With pre-prohibition help, brewmasters and breweries, suburban Chicago beer was the best in prohibition America, and Roger Touhy made it that way.

But Roger Touhy had five brothers and they in no way enhanced his reputation. They were high on the FBI's list of unsavory characters. Perhaps the most notorious was Terrible Touhy, who did prison terms in Indiana for robbery. He now lives in Arizona, suffering from Parkinson's disease. He is the only surviving brother of the six Touhys, whose father was a respectable Chicago policeman.

The first to go was James Jr. He died in 1917 in a prison hospital at Joliet, where he was serving a term for





Quite relaxed in Florida, mobster Al Capone fishes and displays a star-filled jack. When FBI cracked down on his stills during Prohibition, he got beer from Touhy.



Ray Brennan, veteran reporter of the Chicago *Sun-Times* talks to newsmen after Touhy was shot, Dec. 16, 1959. Brennan's co-author of Touhy's book "The Stolen Years."

assault with intent to kill. Ten years later brother John was killed at the Lone Tree Inn in Niles, Michigan, in a gun battle with Capone gunmen. Brother Joseph was killed accidentally in 1929 by a machine gun bullet fired by one of his own gang as they were trying to persuade a Schiller Park tavern owner to buy "insurance." Brother Eddie died a natural death in 1945. He had a police record, but in the last years of his life he had turned his back on crime.

In 1934, at the height of the kidnaping hysteria, when the dreadful abduction of the Lindbergh baby had dramatized kidnaping as a brutal and heinous crime, Roger Touhy, with his family and bootlegging background, quickly became a very unpopular figure in the public eye when he was accused of kidnaping a convicted English swindler named "Jake the Barber" Factor.

Members of the Al Capone gang, and its political affiliates, wanted the West Side Irishman out of the way for two reasons. First of all, he was well-versed in internal labor organization and had opposed the Capone mob in its attempts to control the Bartenders' Union in 1932. Later, after Touhy was

(Continued on page 90)



Grave of Roger Touhy. Note "Towey" on headstone, which is old Irish spelling. Touhy was shot while taking walk with retired police Sgt. Walter Miller, who was seriously hurt.

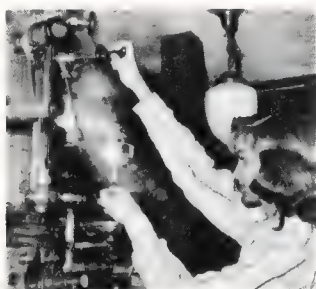


This pix taken a few hours before Touhy (2nd from l.) was slain. He chats with retired police Sgt. Miller (l.), co-author Ray Brennan (r.), photog Ralph Frost (2nd from r.)





Now a well-known actress, chanteuse Juliette Greco had beatnik-type act in Paris bistro.



Pretty Kitty Donovan pours an espresso in Frisco coffeehouse. Beats got start on West Coast.

# GONE! MAN, GONE!

*Brian McKeon  
reports on American  
beatniks in Paris*

● ● THEY MAY BE GONE, real gone. But to the natives of the Latin Quarter of Paris, the American beatniks who have invaded the place belong with all those other B's—and that includes both the bums and Bohemians—and they wish they'd go, man, go.

The Latin Quarter, like the whole Left Bank, has been used to long-haired loonies for generations. But they don't dig the beat bunch.

Neither did the folks out in Frisco, where the whole thing started. The solid citizens in the Sunshine State got fed up with the gang a couple of years ago and slammed the Golden Gate shut on them. So the beat boys bummed their way across the country to New York's Greenwich Village.

They didn't get along too well there, either. The Village was full of phonies and fairies, but the wild ones from

the West went too far. And while the cracked eggheads in the East made a point of pretending to produce great art, the beatniks spent most of their time in bed or in bars, getting drunk on cheap red wine and listening to cool jazz.

What they did write—they liked to call it poetry—was usually pure pornography. They read it aloud in cafes and in bars. They drowned out the sound with bongo drums, but they told each other it was terrific.

Besides their own stuff, they read aloud the books of their patron saint, Henry Miller.

Miller is another Californian, whose books are considered obscene. Most of them have been banned and burned by the postal authorities. One of the few that's been printed in America is a violent attack on the United States. Miller calls it "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare."





## **Sophisticated Parisians Don't Dig the Unwashed Beatniks. They Call Them Sex Maniacs and Bums—and Wish to Hell They'd Leave France**



The long haired doll is Miss Beatnik (identified only as Angel), with her admirers in Greenwich Village joint.

The beat boys consider Miller the greatest genius of modern times, although psychiatrists who have read his stuff simply say he's nuts.

Cool or crazy, two of Miller's books—"The Tropic of Cancer" and "The Tropic of Capricorn"—have been smuggled into the States from Paris, where they're published, by practically everyone who's been there.

Since most of the words Miller uses are the four-letter variety, even the beatniks can understand him. No one knows, though, if Miller can understand the beatniks. They speak a language all their own.

A beatnik who tells something "sets a scene." He "wigs" when he's worried and "gigs" when he works, if he ever does. If he's drunk he says he "floats." And "pad" is home, which means wherever the beatnik throws his foam rubber mattress.

*(Continued on page 53)*



Usually beatniks do not spend time dancing. In tiny cafes they read pornographic poetry, sing folksongs.



# THE PASSION CRUISE of the S.S. WESSEX

By BEN BLAKE

**It Was the Most Fantastic  
Trip in Maritime History.  
The Passengers—167 Society  
College Coeds—took Over  
the Ship, Forcing Captain  
and Crew to Submit to Their  
Orgies of Love and Drinking**

● ● AS THE BUZZER rang near the speaking tube beside his bunk, Capt. Harold W. Bolling of the S.S. *Wessex* awoke instantly, for these emergency calls had become nightly occurrences in the past two weeks.

"Captain speaking. What now?"

First Officer Joseph Michaels was apologetic for waking the skipper, but there was a violent quiver in his voice.

"Captain, they're at it again, those damned girls! Three nude brats—begging your pardon, sir—are holed up in the galley making love to the waiters. It's positively indecent. One waiter, Skeffington, is a married man, really an (Continued on page 62)

In horror Capt. Bolling took in the scene. The girls had tied up Officer Michaels and were playing a spirited crap game for him.









# MASS ESCAPE FROM STALAG XI



These men, suffering from malnutrition, are POW's who did not escape from the Nazi camp.

**This Is the Story of the Only Successful Breakout from a Nazi Prison Camp. When Hitler Was Told, He Screamed: "Find Those American Pigs and Kill Them!" It Took 72,000 Gestapo Agents to Bring Them Back**

**By DEAN W. BALLENGER**

● ● S/SGT. FRED NORDMANN, the GI who spoke German, went out of Barracks IV. It was snowing. He shivered while he stood on the barracks steps and looked for *Korporal* Otto Busch, the big Nazi who was patrolling this portion of Stalag XI. Then through the thick white flakes he saw Busch.

"Otto!" he said. "How about a cup of coffee?"

Busch was the only guard in the camp who treated the Americans like humans. Several times he had brought them cigarettes and little tins of







Killing the big German corporal was the first step in the POW's elaborate plan to escape from Stalag XI.





The greatest maniac that ever lived, Adolf Hitler was responsible for the death of over 14 million people.



Emaciated Nazi prisoner displays wasted body—he once weighed 190 pounds—to a soldier of U.S. Ninth Army.

## STALAG XI...

canned meat. In appreciation, while he made his monotonous, cold patrols, the GIs gave him coffee. It was ersatz and bitter, but it was hot.

Busch, the Americans had learned, wasn't a bad guy for a Kraut. He had been a farmer and had been drafted into the Wehrmacht, which he despised. He didn't have anything personal against Americans or British or even Jews. In fact, he didn't clearly understand what the war was about.

"If all the Krauts were like him, there wouldn't have been any war," M/Sgt. George Anderson had often said.

But now Anderson, who had once been an amateur wrestler, was going to kill Busch. Busch's uniform would fit broad-shouldered Pfc. Floyd Gomez. This murder was the first part of an elaborate plan to escape from Stalag XI, the toughest of the German camps for captured GIs.

Busch came into the barracks and stomped the snow from his feet. He was grinning as always. "Vell, enemies," he said with a chuckle, "tonight I would trade mit you places."

Tight-lipped and unsmiling, Anderson nodded to Pvt. Steve N. McGuire. McGuire poured a cup of boiling coffee. Then, suddenly, he threw it into Busch's face. Before the blinded German could scream, Anderson judo-chopped him across the back of his neck. Then he chopped him across the throat and began to choke the unconscious German. It was over in about three minutes. A few moments later Gomez, with Busch's uniform and *karabiner*, was patrolling in front of the barracks.

"We'd better get away with it," Nordmann said nervously, peering out at Gomez's shadowy figure. "For knocking off a guard they wouldn't give it to us easy—like with a firing squad."

"We'll get away with it," Anderson said confidently. "Now let's get going with the next caper."

The other men in the barracks, though eager to cooperate, did not share the sergeant's optimism. Stalag XI was tough. Its commandant, sadistic American-hating Col. Erich K. L. Gerhardt, had often bragged that no one could escape from it. The wire strands of the 14-foot fence which surrounded the camp had fishhook barbs at 3-inch intervals. There was no way a GI could climb this fence without impaling himself on one of these hooks, which could not be withdrawn because of the devilish barb. Thus the GI would find himself trapped, unable either to return to his barracks or to continue his escape attempt.

But because Gerhardt had learned—by several unfortunate experiences which required much explaining to the brass in Berlin—that GIs were ingenious, persistent connivers who always seemed to be able to figure ways to get around the most efficient devices, he had ordered the fence floodlighted at night. As a final precaution, in case the tricky Americans devised a means of sabotaging the floodlights and scaling the fence, the fence was charged with 2200 volts of electricity. To touch it would result in instant death by electrocution.

It would appear that escape from Stalag XI was impossible. Yet Anderson, Gomez and Nordmann had planned a fantastic scheme to lead the 162 inmates of Barracks IV to freedom. They had already fulfilled the first part—obtaining a Wehrmacht sentry's uniform.

The next phase had to be done immediately. There was little chance, because of the storm, that the sentries at opposite ends of the dead corporal's area would recognize Gomez. But if they spoke to him— (Continued on page 84)



By CLEM  
BODDINGTON

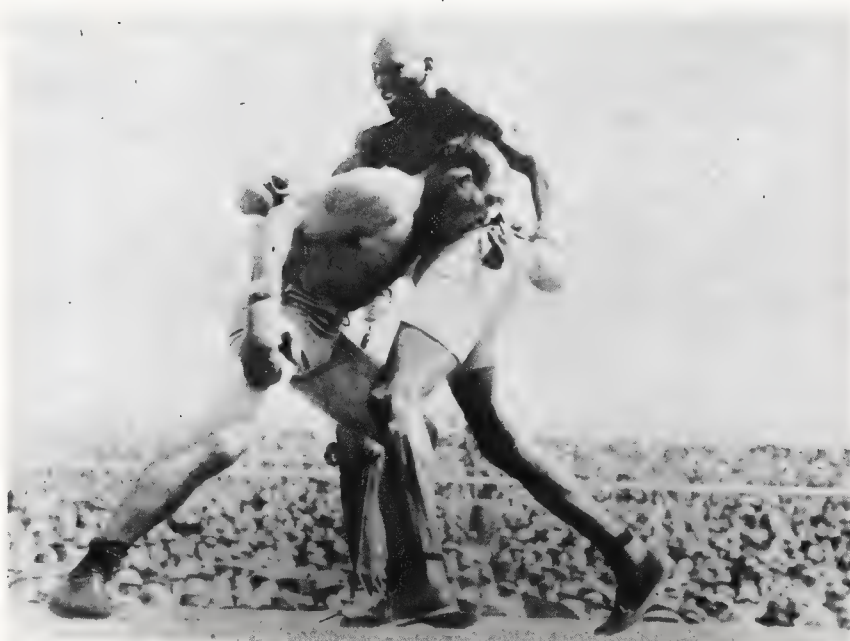


In old days Marciano was at home in ring (with Louis, above) and kitchen of restaurant. Experts think he should now leave boxing to younger men.

**A Training Diet of Pizza for  
4½ Years Has Put 30 Pounds on  
Rocky. Experts Say Ingo Will  
Murder Him on a Comeback Try**

**CAN  
MARCIANO  
COME BACK?** ➔





On July 4, 1910 Jim Jeffries came out of 5 years of retirement to fight Jack Johnson. Jeffries was badly outclassed. Many see this as a warning Rocky should heed.

● ● FOR SEVERAL MONTHS Rocky Marciano, retired undefeated world heavyweight champion, has been in light training on the estate of a Florida friend. He has denied he's attempting a ring comeback, but his denials sound less and less convincing as he works off 30 pounds of excess weight from his chunky frame. Marciano's fighting weight was 190 pounds.

While he's disappointed over the loss of his investment in a Florida potato growing venture that was ruined in the storms of two years ago, he has as much need for immediate cash as a nudist needs suspenders.

The more powerful inducements are his pride as an undefeated title holder and the prospect of a bout with Ingo Johansson, the current world heavyweight champion.

Marciano has been away from the rowdy sport long enough to miss some of the adulation that goes with the title. Even more important to him is the knowledge that such a match would outdraw any heavyweight championship bout ever staged. The gate, plus theater-TV income and money from movies and other sources, would net him more than half a million dollars.

If he can get government approval of a deferred payment scheme whereby he would receive \$50,000 a year for, say, twelve years, it's the opinion of several close friends, including Florida's Governor Collins, that Marciano, following a tune-up bout, would sign for a Johansson fight. In fact, Rocky has been quoted as saying he felt he could take Ingo in eight rounds.

Because Rocky Marciano resembles Jim Jeffries, another one-time holder of the heavyweight title, a comeback try by the Brockton Belter could prove to be an instance of fistic history repeating itself.

The odds of time were against Jim Jeffries, who was 35 (Rocky is 36), when he was persuaded to come out of a five-year retirement to take on Jack Johnson, the Galveston Giant and heavyweight titleholder, on July 4, 1910, at Reno, Nev.

Like Marciano, big Jeff—one and a half inches taller than Rocky and 30 pounds heavier—was a retired undefeated heavyweight champion in 1905. Like Marciano,

Jeffries fought from a crouch. In his prime Jeff's left jab had the impact of a pile driver.

As for Marciano, no less an authority than Joe Louis remarked that one of Rocky's short, looping swings hit his arm and numbed it for the balance of the round. Jeffries was hairy and muscular. Rocky, built on smaller lines, is also hairy and muscular.

On the eve of the Jeffries-Johnson bout, July 3, 1910, Halley's Comet streaked across the sky, leaving a shower of meteors in its wake. A superstitious bettor looked on the white comet as an omen "that Jeffries would regain the prestige of the white race."

For several days before the fight Reno had been crowded with fans and others. Reno's chief of police positively identified some 120 unwelcome visitors as members of the Rogues' Gallery aristocracy.

Automobile loads of Negroes visited Jeffries' training camp to wish him success. They were piloted by Sam Langford. Sam had lost a fight to Johnson four years earlier and Jack had studiously avoided a second ring meeting with the Boston Tar Baby, Langford.

Fat old John L. Sullivan was a fight correspondent for the *New York Times*, and ubiquitous Abe Attell, then featherweight champion, picked Jeffries to kayo Johnson "somewhere between the 20th and 22nd rounds. Jeff will deliver the final punch at will," asserted Attell.

A sardonic acquaintance of Attell's remarked: "Abe is setting up the suckers to bet on Jeffries while he puts a bundle down on Johnson." The odds, however, were 10 to 7 that Jeff would win.

Under a blazing sun announcer Billy Jordan introduced the "hope of the white race." Jeffries stood with bandaged hands at his sides, his muscular legs spread apart. He seemed to be either in a trance or petrified with fear.

While waiting to be introduced, Johnson chatted gaily with seconds and ringsiders. To one fan Jack flashed his golden smile and announced: "I shall meet Mr. Jeffries *a fortiori* (with greater force)."

Johnson was just proving, at least in this instance, that a little knowledge (of Latin) is *not* a dangerous thing.





The Brockton Belter throws a straight right to Jersey Joe Walcott's chin, Rocky says he can take Johansson in 8 rounds.

"If I felt any better I'd be afraid of myself," beamed the supremely confident Johnson.

Scores of newspapermen were at ringside to report the fight to a public avid for details. Even a group of Negro churchgoers in Hutchinson, Kan. was assured of a running account of the bout. The pastor of the Holiness Church of that community arranged for a special service on the afternoon of July 4th.

He announced that he and his flock would pray for a Johnson victory "even if it took all night." The clergyman said round by round bulletins on the fight would be provided between prayers and hymn singing. He had a full house.

The bout itself turned out to be what the New York Times described as "a pitiful exhibition by a victim of outraged nature." Jeffries was simply outclassed from the opening bell and his futile attempts to penetrate Johnson's magnificent defense were as frustrating to him as they were easy to smother by the big Negro.

In the 8th round Jeff was trying to make a fight of it with one eye completely closed. While in a crouching clinch with his tormentor, Jeff grunted through bloody lips as Jack cracked: "Stop lovin' me, Mr. Jeff!"

After absorbing a thorough (Continued on page 86)



Gene Tunney poses with Marciano and Johansson at lunch. Tunney believes a Rocky-Ingo bout would be a natural.



THE *Original* REPORT ON  
THE SEXUAL BEHAVIOR  
OF 100 AMERICAN COUPLES

Undertaken at the suggestion and with the support of The National  
Research Council Committee for Research on Problems of Sex

# A Research In Marriage

DR. G. V. HAMILTON

Former Director Division of Psychobiological Research  
BUREAU OF SOCIAL HYGIENE

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- XI. The Family Background
- XII. The Arousal and Satisfaction of Sex Curiosity
- XIII. Daydreams and Sleeping Dreams

(Continued on back cover)

# THE ADEQUATE MALE

• NEW REVISED EDITION •

BY FRANK S. CAPRIO, M.D.

*An eminent psychiatrist discusses the  
physical and emotional causes of impotence,  
how they can be cured, and how to achieve a  
happy and successful marital relationship.*

WITH CASE HISTORIES

# HOW TO OVERCOME SEX FRIGIDITY in WOMEN

*a guide to proper sex behavior*

by I. DEVENSKY



W. W. & J. B. LUTHER, PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK 1932

NEW HEALTH HORIZONS is the first magazine of its type, planned for general distribution, written and edited for the average reader and dealing authoritatively with the latest developments in the medical world. The first issue contains a searching article on leukemia, the mysterious disease that struck down Red Skelton's son Richard, and more recently the glamorous star, Kay Kendall. Other articles include Longer Sex Life for Women, How to Smoke and Be Safe, The Hidden Dangers of Miracle Drugs, and Godfrey, Cancer and God.

# SEX BOOKS

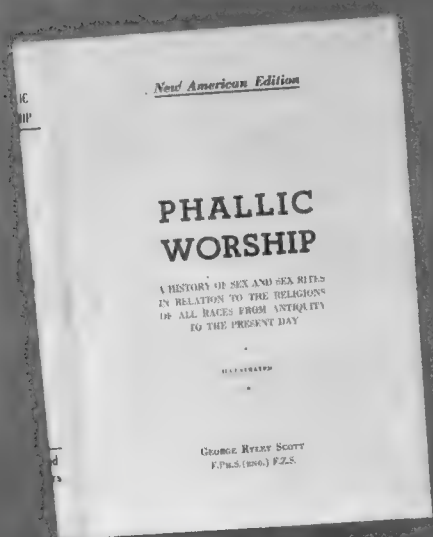
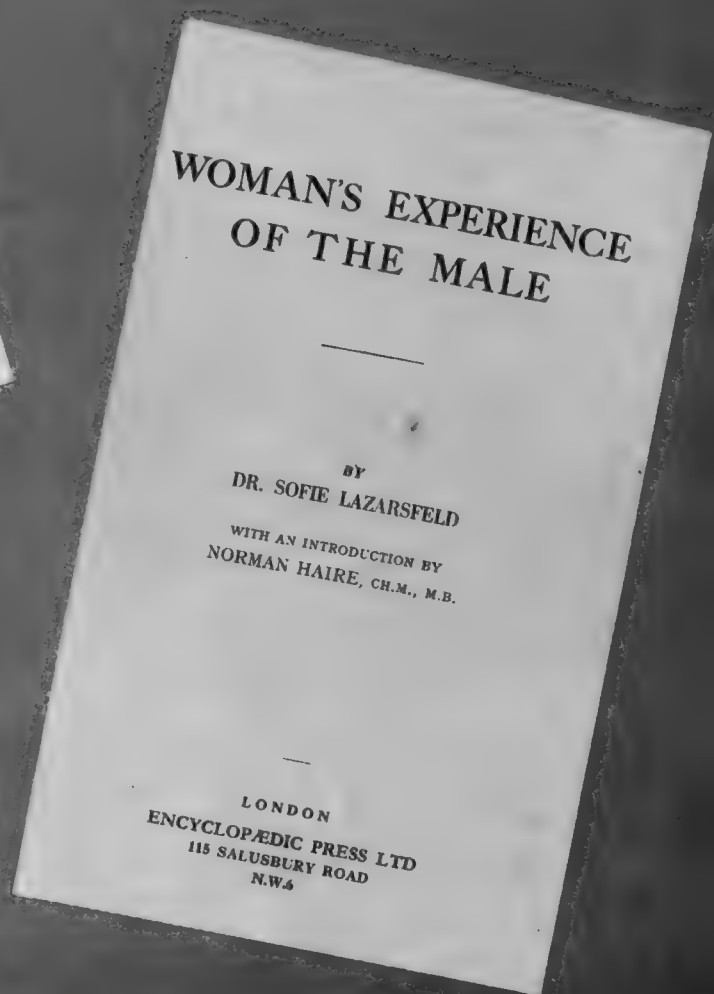
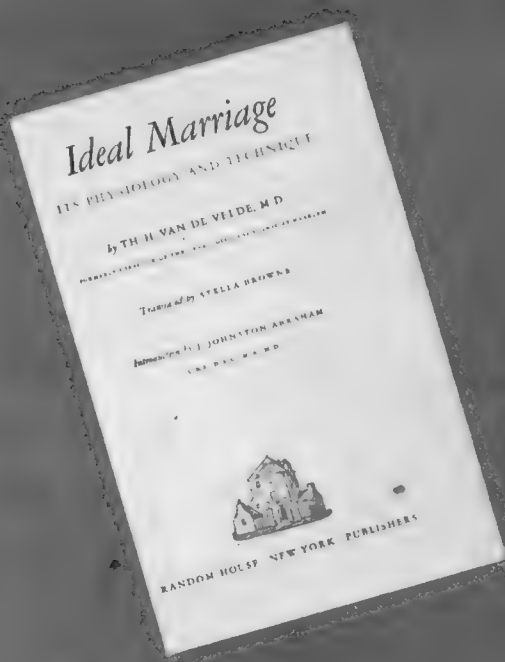
All Modern Sex Books Say It's the

Husband's Duty to Satisfy His Wife.

In the Old Days, Before This Cockeyed

Advice, the Woman Did the Satisfying





These are some of the widely-read books which tend to reverse the traditional roles of male and female in love-making.

# ARE FOR WOMEN

By J. H. LeB. SMYTH  
Editor: NEW HEALTH HORIZONS

● ● IN THE OLD DAYS it was taken for granted that as a boy passed through puberty into manhood, he picked up a satisfactory working knowledge of what were then known as the "facts of life." These facts were simple and mainly biological. From that point on, as far as the physical act itself was concerned, the average male simply did what comes naturally.

Unfortunately, that is no longer true. Today the young man, and in particular the young married man, is the target of an unending barrage of books, pamphlets, texts, tracts, lectures, magazine articles and diatribes in print


on what he should really know about sex. Or, to be more specific, the technique of sex.

Just as we now have dietary experts to tell us what to eat and how we should eat it, so we have self-styled sexologists—largely culled from ranks of psychologists and psychiatrists with a flair for publicity—to tell us what to do and how to do it.

This preoccupation with sex by self-appointed experts would be ludicrous if it were not harmful.

First of all, constantly hammered at in print with the warning that he knows too (Continued on page 54)





# THE DAY BLACKBEARD WAS BORED

By PAUL BROCK

**The Cruellest Pirate in History, Blackbeard Got His Kicks by Taking Pot Shots at His Men or Forcing His Discarded Whores to Walk a Plank into the Sea**

● ●HE SAT in the ship's cockpit with a nude woman on his knee and a bottle of rum in his left hand. Spilled liquor dripped from his coal-black beard, and the scars on his forearms gleamed in the candlelight. His cruel little pig eyes were closed, and sudden laughter rumbled from him and shook his massive shoulders.

Six of Blackbeard's crew, carousing with him (Continued on page 56)

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Blackbeard roared with laughter as the terrified girl started into the sea.









At Riviera party Farouk has a high old time with pretty Capece Minutolo.



BY GAVIN HAWKES

# EGYPT'S BEST KEPT SECRET

**Just 15 Miles from Cairo Is Abu Rawash, a City of Snake-Breeders. It's Not on the Map, and Top Egyptians Will Tell You It Doesn't Exist. But Men Like Ex-King Farouk Know Its Slimy Secrets**

● ● BY THE BRIGHT desert moon which outlined the pyramids to the south, Hajji Cherek could see an automobile traveling at a fast clip over the rutted road which leads from Cairo to the "unknown" town of Abu Rawash.

Though it's only 15 miles from Egypt's capital, Abu Rawash might as well be on a distant continent or another planet, so rare are visitors to this forbidden place.

Cherek, a dark man of 30 with flashing white teeth in a saturnine face, roughly shook his brothers who were asleep on the mud floor of their hut.

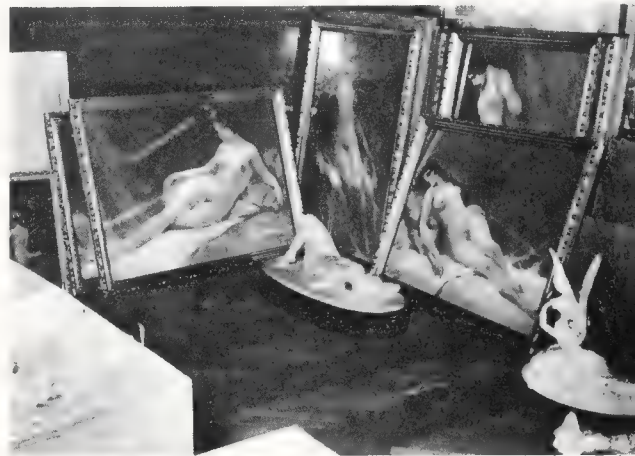
"Somebody comes, get up! It must be a person who does not wish to be observed in the daylight, someone of importance in a fine car. They may despise us in Cairo, but they know how to find our village when there is vile work to be done."

"Is it an effendi?" asked a teen-age boy who was a smaller replica of Hajji Cherek, his older brother. There was a speckled snake coiled around the youth's neck. Green and yellow in hue, the reptile hissed angrily at being awakened.

The snake was a dangerous thing to fondle, but no Cherek has been injured by a reptile in 200 years.

"It is better than an effendi, foolish one. Who else drives a white Rolls Royce but the king who rules us? He is free with his money and favors. We are fortunate indeed tonight."

In a hail of pebbles and sand the white Rolls braked to a stop before Cherek's miserable sod house. Two army officers got out and opened the rear door deferentially for the limousine's owner. This was a monstrously fat individual with rimless eyeglasses and a foppish waxed moustache. He was young, still in his 30's, (Continued on page 72)



Part of Farouk's collection of statues and paintings of nude women found in his palace after he abdicated. While Farouk was king, he visited the city of snakes.





**THE**  
**HOLE**

By JOHN CABELL

Was the Author's Dream  
a Nightmare—or a  
Message in Extrasensory  
Perception to Warn Him  
of Approaching Death?





With scrawny hands the skeleton-like creatures pulled themselves up out of the doorway to Hades, grinning evilly.

● ● I WENT BACK to Camp O'Donnell in the Philippines last night. It was a dream, of course. Or was it?

Life is interlaced with dreams, and during those miserable forty-two months I spent in Japanese prison camps there were plenty of times I tried to tell myself that what was happening was only a dream. Horrible little nightmares seemed to beset me; surely I would awaken to reality at any moment.

Such is the blessing of a feverish mind. Hope! And such was the nightmarish moment I experienced there, in the sick bay at O'Donnell, the hallucination that has never let me go and the one I would like to tell you about now.

Was it dream, or was it some sort of extrasensory perception? Perhaps you can decide.

Back in 1943 I was a Jap prisoner at Camp O'Donnell, eaten up with malaria. My bed was a makeshift grass mat in a bamboo hut that had been set aside for the sick. It was situated in a place known as the hospital area. There was no quinine; you just lay there and got better—or else.

The hut was open on all sides, and the sleeping areas were platforms that rose about two feet off the ground and ran along each side of the 50-foot building. It had been raining for days and there was about three inches of stagnant water around the (Continued on page 88)









Paris lost hundreds of people and millions in property during the 211 days city was shelled.

BY MARTIN  
FREELING



# THE BIG GUN THAT ROCKED PARIS

**During World War I, Before H-Bombs and ICBM's, Germany's Big Bertha Was the Most Terrifying Weapon Ever Made. It Weighed 145 Tons, Was 110 Feet Long, and Fired 9-Inch Shells 76 Miles**

● ● OLD MONSIEUR VERLAIN, the blind news vendor sitting in his little kiosk smoking his pipe, heard it first. A sharp explosion, not loud, just heavy enough to worry a Parisian who knew the German Army was only 75 miles from the capital on this sunny Saturday, March 3, 1918.

"What is the trouble, Hubert?" he anxiously asked his 9-year-old grandson. "Is it the Boche? Are the swine in our city now?"

Hubert snickered before running off to join his playmates. "It is nothing, old one, do not fret. Probably a stupid French airman who dropped something by mistake on us."

Paris, nervous and drained after its fourth year of what was called the Great War, was a lovely sight this balmy day. All over the vast, sun-dappled city people were streaming (Continued on page 50)

The church became a charnel house as a shell hit. A thousand people were trapped by the fallen granite. Fifty-six were killed, 107 hurt.









# EVAN BRYANT: Convict King of Brazil's Penal Island

By TED STOIL

**No Man Had Ever Survived the Tortures of Brazil's "Devil's Island." Yet Bryant Found Women to Love—and a Way to Escape**

• • "REMEMBER NOW, I want no unnecessary killing," Evan Bryant said. "We need live hostages if we ever want to get off this blasted island and back to Brazil. Dead men are no good to us."

The tall, red-bearded Welshman looked around in the dim lantern light at his gang of eighteen convict mutineers. They were flushed with victory and the blood-lust was in their grinning faces. In the last three hours these murderers, forgers, rapists and thieves had swum the shark-infested channel from Rat Island and overcome the dozen soldier-guards who manned Forte Sao Antonio. Now they lounged on the parapet, masters of one of the two forts of Fernando de Noronha, Brazil's South Atlantic penal colony.

"What about the women?" a voice laughed.

Bryant grinned back at the speaker, the hulking half-caste American Cherokee, Riggs. "Now why would you?" (Continued on page 78)

"I'll kill the first man who touches her!" Bryant told them, shielding Carlotta's half-nude figure.





In 1953 Kentucky Derby Dark Star keeps ahead of other horses around 1st turn. Dark Star took top money; Native Dancer 2nd.

# America's Only Real RACING CLASSIC

● ● A FAST dark-brown colt running the race of his life drove hard for the finish of the 1953 Kentucky Derby. Behind the brown rushed a gray with great gobbling strides. Each prodigious bite of the big gray's belated bid chewed down the alarming margin between himself and the dark horse. But millions of people watching and listening to the race wondered if Native Dancer could really catch the resolute brown.

He didn't. With Money Broker having roughed him on the first turn, and Correspondent pocketing him behind the leading Dark Star in the stretch, the Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt colt, under jockey Eric Guerin, encountered interference from which he failed to recover in time. His tardy try fell short by the length of Dark Star's stubborn head.

The Vanderbilt colt's Derby defeat was to become doubly lamentable because it finally constituted his *only* loss. In a career of twenty-three starts he topped by one the win total of Man O' War. Man O' War didn't run in

the Derby, but he also lost just once, to a colt with the likely name of Upset.

The Dancer is in good company. He isn't the only great horse or betting favorite that has had to content himself with the runner-up spot in the Derby.

In 1899 the public's hot choice, Proctor Knott, was nosed out by Spokane. In 1911 favored Governor Gray was bested by Meredian, and there were those who more than merely raised their eyebrows, since they believed all had not been according to Hoyle.

In 1940 Col. Edward Riley Bradley's Bimelech, who, like Native Dancer, had been undefeated prior, paraded postward to the mellow strains of "My Old Kentucky Home." Most of the bettors at the Downs that day holding tickets on Bimmy listened to the sweet, nostalgic, wistfully sad tune with serene confidence that the Bradley color-bearer would shortly don the necklace of American Beauties.

Unfortunately for those (Continued on page 86)





**With the Country's Best 3-Year-Olds on Hand, Competing for a Purse of Over \$100,000, the Kentucky Derby Is a Spectacle of Color and Excitement That No Other Horse Race Can Match**

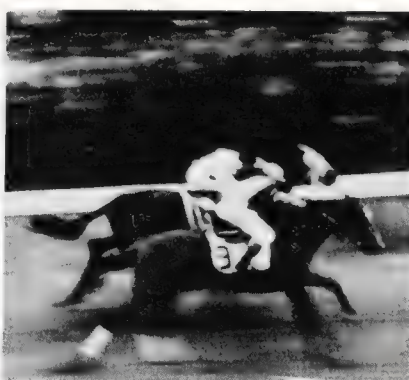
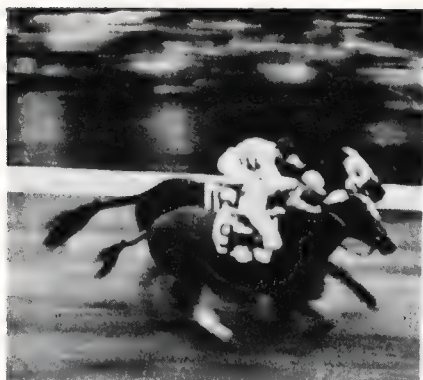


**Man O'War, said to have been America's greatest horse (with Jockey Lofton up), never ran in Derby.**



**Needles, winner of 1956 Kentucky Derby, with playmate Boots. Needles was son of 1949 winner Ponder.**

**By EDWARD BERGSTROM**



**Pix show spirited 1933 Derby stretch duel between Don Meade on Broker's Tip (No. 16), Herb Fisher on Head Play (No. 9).**





The Folies Bergere building dates back to 1869. The show is a national institution, plays to 500 standees every night.

# France's Famous THEATER OF SEX

By ANDRE MERCIER

## For Almost 100 Years Men All Over the World Have Flocked to the Folies Bergere. The Admission Price is \$3.75—and It's Considered the Best Bargain You Can Get in Legalized Sex Shows

● ● THE GENDARMES were aghast. Thirty elderly men—some in feeble condition, others deaf, with poor vision, palsy, or carrying canes—had escaped from Dr. Pierre Delacroix's *Hospice for the Aged* near Brest, France.

"They are led by one comparative youngster of 68 named Guy Hochschild," the Brest police prefect told the Paris cops by phone. "Hochschild, when asked what he wanted for his birthday, told his grandson: 'A chorus girl from the Folies Bergere!' They thought he was jesting. Now the family thinks he meant it. I suggest you take a look in the theater."

The Parisian police inspector who received this message snorted. "Whoever heard of a delegation of *grandperes* invading our Folies Bergere?" he asked scornfully. "What would old men be doing in *that* place?"

Had this skeptical officer been in the renowned theater on Rue Richer at this very moment, he would have had cause to eat his words. All hell was breaking loose in the ornate playhouse, which, for almost a century, has presented the most daring, provocative and enticing scenes of passion and female epidermis to be seen in Europe or anywhere else in the world.

Led by the cackling, bald Guy Hochschild, who swung his cane jubilantly during a lusty chorus number called "Kiss Me Here, Monsieur!" the old gaffers from the sanitarium cheered the girls.

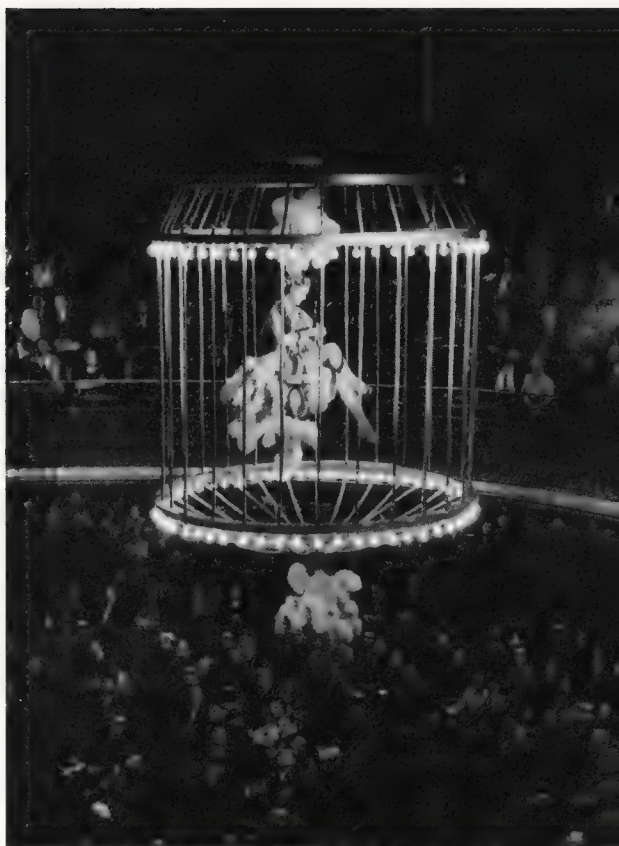
Ushers had to forcibly restrain 81-year-old Marcel Duliers, a great-grandfather, from hobbling to the stage with his white beard flying. Marcel was intent on kissing a 19-year-old nude chorine whose role in the ensemble was that of a wood nymph.

"If she's a nymph, then I'm Pan himself!" the old boy shouted. "I'll get out my pipe and play it."

Backstage the doorkeeper frantically telephoned the police station on the Rue Gollomb near by. "Crazy things are happening here, officers. Please come quickly. The theater is simply crawling with old men who have big ideas about young women. At this moment, sir, a man past 85 is under the dressing table of our star, Yvonne Grillens. He won't come out until she crawls under with him and plays house!"

By now the Paris gendarmes were concerned and sent a flying squad to investigate the situation on this June evening in 1947. What they saw convinced them that the disorders at the famed Folies Bergere would require more police than were on hand. Cried a rookie cop on the phone to the sergeant at the station house:

"Old men like my own *grandpere* are swarming over the stage, kissing the girls and pinching their behinds! One old fellow with an ear trumpet is in the 'Chariot of Love' at this very minute and he's got a chorus girl pinned with



The costliest show on earth, a new Folies extravaganza costs about \$500,000 to stage. Costumes go up to \$2000.

This is South Seas number. Audiences are open-mouthed at so much female flesh, erotic dances, bawdy comedy.







Sepia entertainer Josephine Baker was the top Folies favorite during 1920's.



Although no one gives it much thought, male entertainers also used in Folies.

## THEATER OF SEX . . .

a hammer lock. I think he's intent on rape. Send reinforcements!"

In time new cops arrived and the augmented force succeeded in capturing the thirty oldsters who, like men the world over, had been captivated by the Folies Bergere, eternal symbol of sex and spice in a changing world where only love (or the memory of it) remains constant.

These dodderers were not arrested. Indeed, they were treated with awe and even reverence by the cops, who admire sexual ambition in gaffers of 80 and 90. They were taken home in two police vans by the exhausted gendarmes.

"It was one hell of a night, *mes amis!*" crowed old Guy Hochschild as they gave him hot cocoa and packed him off to bed. "What girls—what shapes—what a theater!"

Only his advanced age made this tribute to sex seem inappropriate, for Frenchmen, Germans, Poles, Eskimos, Laplanders, Yankees and even Zulus have been saying substantially the same thing about the Folies since your own grandpa's day.

The Folies Bergere is a national shrine in France, on a level with the Louvre, the Tuilleries Gardens and the Eiffel Tower. But it's much more fun.

In war or peace, during depression and prosperity, this theater—which stands on land once owned by a sinful monk—has been a Mecca for males of all nations. Men are open-mouthed with wonder before its ever-changing spectacles of female flesh, wiggles, wriggles, grinds, contortions, erotic dances, saucy boudoir scenes and bawdy comedy.

In our inflated era it costs more than \$500,000 to stage a new Folies sex extravaganza—and worth every cent of it. I saw the show four times and considered the \$3.75 price of admission the best bargain in Europe.



Luscious Folies beauties sometimes run into trouble. In 1906 50 jealous wives shot and stabbed to death several dancers.





Folies' first impresario conducted well-publicized "virgin roundup" each year to find girls; set up standards of beauty followed today.

Each of the Folies' forty-odd tableaux and blackouts, featuring girls so torrid they could make an iceberg melt, stays vividly in the beholder's mind. If the audience—usually 85 per cent masculine—shows real fervor and applauds lustily, the girls may be inspired to put on a four-hour performance. So far no male has complained about the length of the show.

The most inventive minds in Europe dream up comedy acts and risque turns for the Folies Bergere, which delight 500,000 men a year.

One act, "The Itch," is a perennial favorite. In it Angela Guilbert—who is currently featured in this ancient vaudeville skit—finds a flea in her bodice and starts scratching. As her itchy torment increases she discards her garments one by one, scratching frantically and singing *double-entendre* love songs.

At the end of the act she discards even her G-string, still scratching, when a comedian with a valise labeled "Exterminator" dashes onstage and squirts a cloud of DDT on the wriggling, writhing Angela. If a laugh meter were used, this bit would rate as a consistent winner year after year.

To simulate realism in its stage shows, the management will create real snowstorms in the theater, paints young women's bodies with expensive gold leaf, and pays as much as \$2,000 for a daring low-cut gown. Exotic and aphrodisiacal perfume may even be pumped through the ventilators of the theater to energize the men in the audience.

The property occupied by the great stone show house was once owned by a 16th Century monk who loved wine, woman and song too well. Before he died this worldly



Designers use small lifelike figures to drape costumes. Each detail is carefully worked out.

brother repented and willed his estate to the Paris Hospital for the Blind. This institution still owns the land and each month receives a princely rental from France's noted Theater of Sex.

The present structure was built in 1869 by a spade-bearded impresario named Maurice Sari. His own escapades with women rivaled any farces or torrid bedroom scenes presented by the Folies Bergere.

The theater's name, by the way, comes from the *Quartier Bergere*, the sheep market of medieval Paris which was close by centuries ago. The only lambs around nowadays are the stage-door johnnies waiting to be fleeced by the Folies girls who can lead you to the best restaurants and the most discreet hotels in the city—if you're well-heeled, handsome, or seem unusually virile.

Monsieur Sari, who took his work seriously, conducted a well-publicized "virgin roundup" each year to recruit new performers for the Folies.

"They must be under 22, firm of breast, narrow in the waist and divine of face," he decreed. "The buttocks must be pert and saucy, not overwhelming or flabby, and the whole anatomy should give the effect of perpetual motion even in repose. Seeing such a girl, the most sluggish of men should come to blazing life!"

For almost a century men have been "coming to life" with a vengeance after plunking down their rupees, centimes, shillings, francs, yen (Continued on page 46)



"And don't forget to feed the cat, water the flowers — and clean out the birdcage . . ."



"Be careful with that silent butler, Deeves!"

# Just FOR you Sir!

Gags for  
Guys Only





"By the way, what do you think of the crop rotation plan back home?"



"I think I'll stay here. I owe her \$9,373 for services rendered!"



"... And this is my workshop!"



# SHOOTING JUNE WILKINSON every night

• • • IN LONDON they're flocking to the Embassy Club to see lovely 17-year-old June Wilkinson in her sensational new act. June stands behind a glass barrier and the male guests are invited to shoot at her with arrows which have a rubber suction pad at the end. When one of the arrows sticks to the glass, June removes the garment immediately behind it. She wears three bikinis for the show, so the men get plenty of exercise with their guns, eyes—and imaginations!

Sexy June lives with her parents, takes all dates home first for their approval.



Sensational June (43-24-36) scoffs at envious women who predict big busts will soon go out of fashion. "Sure they will," says 17-year-old June. "When there are no more men!"





In night-club act June stands behind glass, customers shoot at her with arrows that have rubber suction pads. When arrow sticks to the glass, June immediately sheds garment behind it.







June lives with her parents, takes all her dates home to mother for approval before going out. She says: "Mum is a far better judge of men than I am, even if I do know the tricks certain men will respond to."

**A Home Girl at Heart,  
June Is Looking for  
the Right Man. She  
Hopes to Marry at 20,  
Raise a Large Family**



**"Neither my parents nor brother see  
anything wrong in my doing a strip,"  
June declares. Her audiences agree!**





## THEATER OF SEX

(Continued from page 39)

and dollars to see this unusual show.

With few changes, Sari's original specifications are followed scrupulously to this day by the Folies management in the selection of new girls each season.

The original Sari was compelled to retire from the entertainment world at the age of 35, after a girl acrobat from Russia (who did nip-ups on the high wire without a stitch on) fired a bullet at him.

This Russian show girl, whom Sari had promised to wed though he had a wife and six children, found him one night soaping the back of a cancan dancer who was taking a milk bath backstage. The lady acrobat fired once, hitting the impresario in the spine.

Though he was paralyzed for life, Sari gallantly refused to press charges against his jealous ex-mistress. He inclined his head (he couldn't move his arms) toward a pile of Paris newspapers.

"How could I prosecute her? She has brought a million francs worth of publicity to the Folies by shooting me. We are a success."

Unfortunately, the crippled showman lost heavily at the Auteil races and had to sell his interests in the theater. For years afterward Sari sold newspapers from a wheel chair outside the Folies Bergere.

"Just to be near such beautiful girls is reward enough for me," he happily told interviewers when he was 65 and still selling papers.

Upon his death three belly dancers modeled for nude statuettes which were cast in marble and affixed to his headstone—a proper Folies touch for a man who had worshiped at the altar of youth and love.

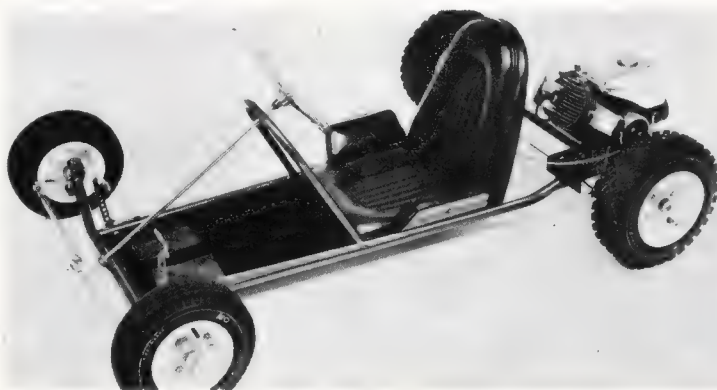
**T**HE next owners of the theater were the Isola brothers. They had gall, showmanship, luck and a hefty bankroll from a thriving winery. To whip up fresh enthusiasm for the Folies, the brothers imported a startling act from Hungary called "Beauty and the Beast."

In the act a purported gorilla cavorted onstage with an unclad and sobbing blonde girl clasped in his hairy arms. At the end of each performance she would escape after clobbering her simian partner with a papier-mache mallet.

This vaudeville turn was so realistic that a committee of animal lovers complained to the authorities that the Folies was permitting cruel and inhuman treatment of beasts. They refused to believe that the gorilla was Ferenc Gelmar, a Hungarian impersonator, who had originated the act. The blonde "captive" was his wife Gertrude.

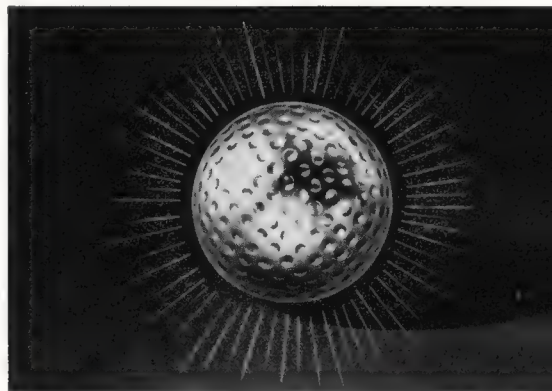
A male ballet dancer in the show, jealous of Gelmar—whose wife was a dazzler even amidst this collection of feminine gems—got a circus owner to rent him a live gorilla one night. The spiteful suitor locked the husband in his dressing room, then hauled the real ape backstage in a covered, wheeled cage.

## NEW PRODUCTS



GO KART gives every member of the family auto racing thrills with safety plus. Kart features 2½ hp Clinton Panther engine with recoil starter, husky chrome moly frame, dual safety brakes, adjustable tie rods, racing steering wheel. Chrome accessories, upholstery optional. Kart kit at \$129.50. Assembled, painted and ready to roll, \$164.50, f.o.b. Go Kart Mfg. Co., Azusa, Calif.

**IDEAL GOLFER'S GIFT** are these new golf balls metalized with a tough thin film of gold or silver-like metal in a beautiful burnished finish. Balls glitter on fairways or in the rough, making them easy to find. The metalized cover adds to the durability and helps prevent cutting. Balls fly straight, long and true. Cover will stay as intact as ordinary balls. Retail price about \$18.00 a dozen, at better sports goods stores.

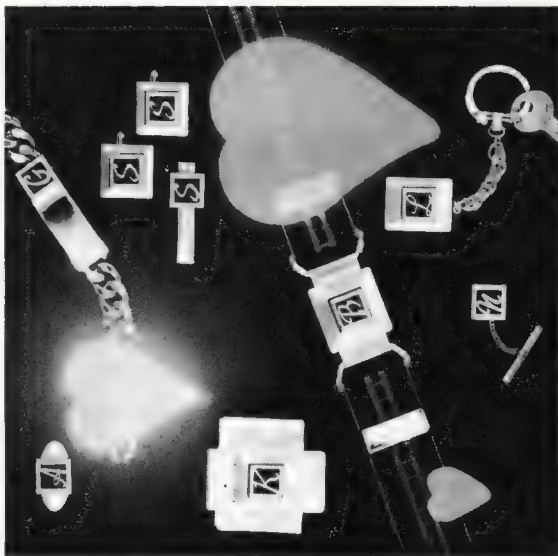


**THIS GAME ROOM** setting shows a wide variety of controlled light applications and features the new 200-watt Luxtrol Light Control. The various sizes of Luxtrol Light Controls are used for the fluorescent luminous ceiling, the drop light over the card table, the reading lamp beside the chair, the bracket light with ducks on it, and the light in the gun rack.



# FOR MEN

SWANK'S NEW Initial Line features a handsome golden script on a striking black and silver background. Wonderful for gifts, the line includes a Klip and Link set for \$3.95; Money Klip for \$2.50; Belt and Interchangeable Buckle set for \$2.50; Key Ring at \$1.50; Tie Tack for \$1.50; Pinch Klip for \$1.50; and the new Identification Bracelet for \$5.00. At better men's specialty and department stores.



**GUN NAME-PLATES** are available to sportsmen for the first time. Attractive brass plate engraved to order in chrome or gold finish. Special adhesive holds indefinitely. You can also personalize your handgun case. \$1.95 each or two for \$3.50 ppd. Anderson Products Co., P.O. Box 607, Bloomfield, N. J.

**SAFE-T-SERV** battery filler is molded of tough black Tenite polyethylene plastic and has a positive self-closing valve that automatically fills batteries to proper level. Use of this well-designed container is said to cut servicing time in half. Shaped like a pouring can or bottle, the Safe-T-Serv has a capacity of over 2 quarts. Its closed filling neck keeps water free of dirt and foreign matter. Available at automotive jobbers for \$5.95.



When Madame Gelmar began her dance, the rival—who was later adjudged insane—turned loose the real gorilla, who lumbered out of the wings beating his hairy chest and making angry noises.

The blonde girl became angry, then scared, when her partner squeezed her much too tightly.

"Ferenc!" she gasped. "Don't hold me so close—you're hurting!"

The maddened animal kept up the pressure. Now the act seemed a little too real even to bored stage hands. The audience was deathly still. In his dressing room Ferenc Gelmar, the husband, beat with his fists helplessly on the locked door.

Over the roll of drums and the wail of clarinets could be heard a crunching sound—like bones snapping or twigs breaking. The blonde screamed just once. The 900 theater patrons blanched; this was no play-acting.

But not until the gorilla tossed Madame Gelmar's broken body into the orchestra pit, where the falling corpse smashed a bass fiddle, was it learned that the ape was the genuine article.

"Look, he's now tearing the leg from Mademoiselle Fifi!" shouted a customer from the second balcony. It was so.

Fifi Newbittier, a pert ballet girl with gilded breasts, was sobbing as the gorilla tugged at her ankle. He twisted, her leg dangled, then finally snapped.

At this point an assistant manager grabbed a fire ax and ran onstage, engaging the ape in bloody battle until police arrived and shot it to death.

The history of the Folies Bergere is studded with such strange, amusing and sometimes bloody incidents. In 1906 the famous "War of the Wives" took place in the theater and won world-wide publicity for the already famous show house.

A plumber from Calais, a Louis Cassamont, had spent every week end in Paris, ogling the Folies girls from the most expensive seat in the house. This middle-aged fellow had fallen for a superb "living statue," Eloise Hercourt, whose specialty was posing as the undressed "Diana of the Hunt" in a tableau featuring sixty girl performers, six huntsmen in scarlet coats, a pack of dogs and one frightened fox.

The plumber's dowdy wife went to the police. "My fool of a man has mortgaged our home to buy that Folies wench real diamonds!"

"That, lady, is not our concern!" replied the lieutenant.

Madame Cassamont was a determined woman and now took matters into her own hands. Advertising in the provincial papers for other wives whose husbands had made fools of themselves with girls of the Folies Bergere, she soon assembled a small army of fifty outraged ladies who were ready to follow her into battle.

The wives chartered a railroad coach and arrived in Paris on May 14, carrying pitchforks, rifles, blackthorn clubs, rocks and slingshots. Fanning out, they encircled the theater, shoving aside protesting males. They crashed the gates at the opening performance of "Henry the Eighth's Female Wonderland," a brand-new spectacle.

In progress was a magnificent scene: eight unclothed girls, bathed in a blue  
(Continued on page 48)



spotlight, lashed to the arms of a slowly-revolving windmill in a number titled, "Sweet Tulips from the Zuider Zee."

Led by the cursing Madame Cassamont, who shouted: "Death to all harlots and show people!" the furious wives ran up the stairs to the stage and began their attack on the Folies troupe.

A woman from Lille gashed the buttocks of a girl vocalist with a pitchfork. A comedian with an electric light for a nose, trying to escape through a fire exit, was decapitated by a scythe wielded by a fat farm wife from the Loire region.

In the uproar Madame Cassamont, a deadly shot, picked off three girls with her rifle. Her victims were still tied to the prop windmill, unable to escape. Two died, slowly bleeding to death as the windmill kept turning, its operator having fled to a near-by saloon at the first hint of violence.

One "tulip" on the windmill survived, though she lost her left eye, thanks to a bullet fired by the Cassamont woman.

Paris police soon arrived. Following a hectic battle in which a chandelier was shot from its moorings, falling on "bald-headed row" and killing three men, the cops subdued the riotous women. Madame Cassamont was guillotined and the other wives received stiff prison terms.

**O**VER the decades scores of renowned artists have trod the boards of the Folies Bergere. They include Charlie Chaplin, Maurice Chevalier, Josephine Baker, Valentino and W. C. Fields. Mistinguette, who had the best legs in Europe at the age of 65, was a perennial favorite.

The great sculptor Rodin, hired by the management to do a bust of the celebrated Totsi Brossard—hailed as "the girl with the most tantalizing breasts in France"—fell deeply in love with his 20-year-old subject.

Rodin's unveiling of Totsi's figure attracted a throng of notables, including the premier, many deputies, generals, two sheiks, a visiting U.S. senator, assorted playboys, socialites and millionaires. News-men from fifteen countries were present.

When Rodin whipped off the tarpaulin to display his work, the assembled guests were stunned. They saw a pile of rocks, jagged bits, nothing else.

Rodin, his leonine face more sardonic than ever, said quietly: "I smashed it. Totsi is a devil. She cares nothing for me, but sleeps with a chorus boy who is just 23 years old. And I am 60. This is what I think of women!" He used his mallet on the remaining chunks of stone, then tried to smash the head of Marcel Gruix, the Folies' publicity agent. Guards restrained him.

Experts say that if the great Rodin's statue of Totsi Brossard was intact today, it would be worth at least \$125,000.

Even three terrible wars have failed to keep the Folies Bergere from delighting males of all ages and from all lands, even while Paris was under siege or occupied by the enemy.

There was the occasion, for example, during World War II when a delegation of Nazi officers commandeered the first ten rows on the main floor for a performance of "Boudoirs of the World," a new spec-

tacle introduced to a subdued but unbeaten Paris in 1943.

The Germans sat stiffly, peering through monocles at the glittering array of young women. Occasionally a Nazi would grunt approval or suck in his breath at the sight of so much scented flesh, so unlike the heavy-set females of the Third Reich.

A slim redhead from Marseilles, with forward-thrusting breasts and legs which would grace any figure in the Louvre, pirouetted in her birthday suit. Her act was called "In a Rural Garden."

Putting, this graceful nude swung moodily in a flower-bedecked hammock singing a ditty called "I Need a Man to Play With Me." Part of her act was to amble to the footlights, pelvis gyrating, and to ask wistfully: "Is there a man in the house who wants to be my playmate for an hour?"

This come-on was always good for some laughs and a rush of volunteers.

Tonight the girl singer, Mademoiselle Elfreda d'Janviers, knew precisely which man she wanted. She pointed to Col. Max Tunberger, a beefy S.S. officer who was notorious for seizing and shooting hostages in the Les Halles market district of Paris.

"Will the colonel come and relax in my hammock? I'll make it worth his while!"

Egged on by brother officers, the Nazi marched stiffly up the stairs and was enfolded in Elfreda's perfumed arms. The Germans in the audience heiled Col. Tunberger.

Frenchmen sat stonily, muttering under their breath and hating Elfreda for fraternizing with the enemy. And then the French patriots stared—and snickered. The colonel's pants were slowly slipping to his ankles as the nude girl kissed him and worked swiftly with a concealed razor blade to snip his belt and cause the trousers to drop.

"You damned French whore—" Tunberger gasped, trying to retrieve his pants. But he never got the chance to bend down. With one sweep of her blade, Elfreda ripped open his fat neck and blood spewed forth, good Aryan blood. It colored the stage and dripped into the orchestra pit.

The Nazi gurgled and fell lifeless into the gently-swaying hammock. The curtain was rung down quickly.

The Gestapo took the Folies girl and ten other performers to their headquarters on the Rue Madeline. Here the hostages were tortured in many nasty ways before they were transferred to St. Nazaire Prison and executed by a firing squad.

But as Marcel Peauchais, an underground leader, said later: "Costly as her deed turned out to be, Elfreda's assassination of Tunberger before a huge audience was worth the price she and the ten others had to pay. It served notice on the Nazi swine that our country would never knuckle under to them. The Folies Bergere is French to the core. It will please all men but its enemies!"

**O**F all women to appear at the old theater, the most popular was Josephine Baker, the great sepia entertainer, who was a reigning favorite of the 1920's. When La Baker appeared men would line up outside the Folies at 3 a.m. waiting for the box office to open.

Because of her svelte and gleaming body, her throaty songs, the sex which was rampant in even her most casual gesture, tickets for Josephine Baker's shows sold for as much as \$100 each at scalpers' offices.

In 1924 a clever con man counterfeited Folies tickets and unloaded 200 of the spurious ducats at \$10 each before the management spotted the phonies and sounded a public warning. Two nights later a vigilante committee of irate Baker fans who had been defrauded combed Montmartre and found the ticket peddler making merry in a bistro.

"You are a pig!" shouted an angry clerk from Tours. "We will teach you to sell counterfeit tickets to our beloved Folies!"

The scared ticket vendor was tied hand and foot, placed in a bakery wagon, and taken to the Rue Michelin where street repairs were in progress. He was stripped, liberally doused with hot road tar, and sacksful of feathers were dumped on the terrified rascal.

The Paris newspapers printed photos of him, trussed to a mailbox in front of the Folies Bergere with a sign around his neck: "Crooks, stay away from this theater!"

Since that time nobody has offered bogus tickets for the famous show, though the temptation to print them must be great because of the demand for seats.

The 1960 Folies continues to whet the appetite and delight the eye of men from every land. In the new show 1,800 costumes are used and 400 technicians are employed to display the flower of European womanhood in new and imaginative ways.

Excitement is a daily ingredient of life in the venerable show house of sex. Something is always happening. Recently a luscious girl from North Africa, Bebe Ben Oobeg, of Arab descent, was featured in a daring skit called "A Serpent's View of Adam and Eve."

Most appreciative of Bebe as she crawled out on a tree limb as the nude and glistening serpent were five detectives. They applauded and cheered.

At the conclusion of her act they went backstage and slipped handcuffs on the North African girl, for only the night before Bebe, a political terrorist in her spare time, had tossed a bomb into a restaurant on behalf of the Free Algeria movement. The cashier, a waiter and two patrons had been killed in the blast.

"You are a great performer with a fine body but no conscience, Mademoiselle," said the inspector in charge. "I regret that the Folies Bergere will have to find a new snake for its Garden of Eden. This one will not look good in prison denim when she is walked to the guillotine."

Bebe shrugged. "So be it, boys. But one favor, please. When the management hires a new girl to play the serpent, send her to my cell. I want to give her some instructions for I have played the role three months now. Remember, I am an actress above all. It would not look good for the Folies Bergere to have a second-rate serpent after thousands of men have seen Bebe Ben Oobeg wiggle out on that tree limb to tempt Monsieur Adam and Mademoiselle Eve!"

THE END



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## THE BIG GUN THAT ROCKED PARIS

(Continued from page 31)

forth to their job in munitions plants, factories, shops and government offices. Children frolicked and housewives leaned on their brooms chatting about the latest rationing regulations.

True, an occasional fitful rumble from the horizon, like distant thunder, reminded Paris of the big artillery duels being fought many miles away by German and Allied batteries. But this intoxicating day was made for fun.

The first small explosion which had fretted Grandpa Verlain provoked a few curious questions by the neighbors. One soldier said he thought it was a 75 mm. high explosive shell. A civilian, an accountant, scoffed at this theory, declaring it was a 22-pound air bomb.

Then at 7:41 p.m. a second and more serious detonation occurred close to the great railroad station, the Gare de l'Est. Here long queues of commuters, travelers and troops were boarding and leaving trains. Now, just missing almost a thousand people massed in the grand concourse of the station, a strange kind of bomb or projectile had gone off without warning. It had detonated on the cobbles of the Boulevard Strasbourg, where converging trolley, bus and subway lines met at the apex of a triangle.

Said a gendarme into a street-box telephone, his voice sounding strangled as he fought down his nausea: "A terrible thing has happened here! Send ambulances and doctors at once. Something exploded. On the electric sign above Ferrand's Pharmacy there is a man's severed leg, dripping blood on the sidewalk under it. I think eight people have been killed, but I can't be sure—several heads are missing from bodies!"

This second blast from nowhere also ripped up large paving stones, and a volley of rock and metal fragments like shrapnel sprayed the windows of adjacent factories and stores.

"What is it?"  
 "Have the German planes been over? I haven't heard any!"

"It must have been a zeppelin. But how did it get through our antiaircraft batteries?"

Said a fat and self-important city councilor: "I have it on good authority that it was the work of a madman. He carried a bomb in his satchel as he left the rail station and was blown up with it. Relax, my friends, there will be no further explosions in Paris."

"I hope you are right, monsieur," said a gray-haired army officer who had an empty right sleeve. "But I was standing right there, mailing a letter, when the explosion went off. I saw no man carrying a satchel at that spot."

Many theories concerning the blasts were put forth by the gendarmes, railroad detectives and the army. But nobody really knew the truth. As yet just two neighborhoods in the great city had been affected

by the explosions.  
 An hour passed. It was now dinnertime. The city still went serenely about its business in the warm scented night. Horns sounded. Flower vendors hawked their wares. The cocottes, attired in bedraggled finery, did a brisk business with men on a hundred streets and boulevards.

At 9:52 p.m. the third explosion of the day took place. This one was on the Rue de Chateau in a middle-class neighborhood. It was muffled and hardly noticed, for the blast occurred within a vacant building.

This missile had "come out of the thin air," according to a number of witnesses. It traveled with such velocity that it tore through three concrete floors. Fortunately, the only casualty was a mongrel dog who was ripped apart.

Now the officials of the Paris Defense Service became greatly alarmed. They barely had time to ask questions of passers-by when a fourth blast at 10:21 p.m. occurred at 15 Rue de Charles-Cinq.

Blowing their whistles frantically, the police pedaled up on their bikes and put in a call for doctors and horse-drawn ambulances. They covered the worst-looking corpses with their capes and newspapers, shoeing pedestrians and residents away from the scene.

One policeman had to shinny up a telephone pole to retrieve a hat still affixed to a man's scalp which had blown onto the wires. Bystanders could tell from the scalp that the victim had had red hair.

"C'est la guerre!" the gendarmes muttered. "Move along now, don't congregate."

A tobacconist brought out a mop and pail and sloshed away the blood and guts on the street. One woman, whose right breast had been sheared off by a flying shard of metal, moaned: "Shoot me, please. I don't want to live this way." She was the first to be placed in a police ambulance.

Within the hour, however, the excitement in the area had subsided and residents and shopkeepers returned to their evening tasks and pleasures. The toll of this blast was four killed, eleven injured.

"What could be causing these explosions?" exclaimed a veteran detective. "The shells cannot come from guns. The nearest cannon is 75 miles away. And we know that the largest Boche gun can shoot only 17 miles."

At the scene of this latest disaster bystanders had picked up bits of heavy, jagged metal. Some pieces were grooved, others were threaded. And some were machined to a gleaming oily smoothness, as if turned out on a precision lathe.

Louise Voix, an unkempt woman who owned a small bistro, had retrieved a one-pound chunk of copper. "I'll take it to my bar and keep it as a souvenir. It will make a fine paper weight to hold down all my creditors' bills."

But a gendarme snorted and wrested the heavy chunk from her. "Don't be a fool, Louise! Maybe this piece can tell the experts something. To me, an ignorant man, it means nothing, but the army has specialists who know about such things."

The piece was still too hot to hold in his bare hands, so he wrapped it in a scarf and handed it over to a military courier who had arrived by motorcycle.



In Louise Voix's bar-room people drank many *apertifs* and the theories flew fast and recklessly. A religious zealot known as Papa Suisse, a grubby little man with wild eyes and egg on his chin, mounted a bar stool and shouted: "It was the judgment of Heaven! These explosions are not caused by the Boche; they are the materialization of Satan himself who comes to us in a flash of fire to carry off sinners. Repent before it is too late!"

A tall man with haunted eyes listened to this gibberish, then walked over and seized the little fanatic by the throat. "You are a pig, a liar, Suisse! My son was killed tonight in that explosion. He was a fine, serious student, not a sinner."

Before he could be stopped, the bereaved father seized a wineglass and broke its lip against the bar. With this improvised weapon he gouged at Papa Suisse's chubby face. There was little left to his features after they tried off the furious assailant.

Until then no report had been made to the newspapers of the series of blasts. No stories had been authorized by the military. "We must keep Paris quiet. Don't let people panic. These blasts will be explained soon to our satisfaction," said Major-General Alfonse Guillerand, commanding the Paris garrison.

But a newspaper reporter in the tavern witnessed the assault on the evangelist and asked some searching questions about the explosions. As a result of his probing, his newspaper, the *Temps*, broke the story the next day in somewhat guarded fashion on page one. After the news was on everybody's lips President Poincare of France was informed by telephone that more mysterious explosions could be expected in the capital.

"Do not be disturbed," General Guillerand told the president. "Our technical staff is investigating and will come up with a counterweapon if needed."

A hurried call went out to airdromes on the northern rim of the city, and aviators hurried aloft in sputtering, single-engine planes to look for high-flying German raiders or zepps. They saw only hawks and ospreys wheeling and diving in the spring

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air. Nor did the anti-aircraft men, busy with their primitive wooden bowl detectors and field glasses, report observing any unauthorized flights toward or from Paris.

There was no explosion on Sunday. The churches were thronged with worshipers who prayed that the horror would end as quickly as it had begun.

**T**HEN on Monday morning at 6:45 a.m., as workmen straggled sleepily from their flats and children departed for school, there was a mighty blast and shock wave

in a five-story apartment building on the Rue Manin.

A chimney sweep, at work on an adjoining roof, told the police almost hysterically: "It was terrible! Just a whoosh and a low hum over my head, an object I could not even see, and an awful wind almost toppled me from my ladder. The roof of that building simply vanished."

In this explosion an entire family named Griscot was wiped out. Madame Griscot, standing at the kitchen stove preparing

(Continued on page 52)



breakfast, was catapulted up over the roofless structure and landed in the courtyard far below. She was still alive, though both arms had been sliced off at the shoulder by the blast, but she died before doctors arrived.

Up in her demolished apartment there was just a smear of blood, hair and cereal on the kitchen floor. No identification of the mangled father and children was possible.

This time, under pressure by the newspapers and mass meetings, the Paris Defense Service hastily met to discuss the growing panic in the city. Called on for advice were the police, the Municipal Laboratory, the Artillery General and his staff, and scientists and engineers from the universities.

"Clearly, these missiles have not been dropped by aircraft, visible or invisible," declared Prof. Henri Spandell, a distinguished metallurgist. "No air bomb casing has yet been made of two-inch steel, such as these fragments we have recovered."

"Shall we sound a general alarm in Paris?" officials nervously asked one another.

It was not a step to be taken lightly. Nobody wanted to stampede the civilian population of 5,000,000 who were busy turning out weapons and supplies of war.

Even while they deliberated, another explosion occurred at No. 23 Rue des Ardennes. This one caused a pregnant woman to have a miscarriage on the spot, and shattered \$5,000 worth of liquor in a fancy saloon close by.

Hard on the heels of this episode came still another detonation at 7:46 p.m. It happened in the courtyard of the Hotel Beauvais at 68 Rue Francois Miron. Though the physical damage was slight, the eighty-nine hotel guests panicked. They clawed and slashed at each other's faces in an effort to be the first to reach the safety of the lobby and street.

Five people, two of them elderly women, were trampled to death as a herd of guests thundered down the fire escape.

"It's that mystery bomb! Run, for God's sake!" shouted an excited traveling salesman. After that it was every man for himself.

While the press published extra editions telling about the panic and the death of the hotel guests, another hastily-summoned group of military brain trusters puzzled over these new questions:

Was there a single target for the bombs or shells which had fallen in an arc over the city?

Or was it just random firing of a strange and terrible new weapon which nobody could envisage?

Now came shocking news that a seventh shell, more far-ranging than the others, had landed in the suburb of Chantillon squarely in the town's cemetery. The mourners at a funeral had been blown to tree-top height. They were so mangled that their mixed remains were dumped in a specially-dug hole where the tragedy had occurred.

By this time a bizarre but plausible theory was shaping up. But nobody wished to risk ridicule and loss of status by voicing it. Col. Raoul Vassion, a respected artillery officer, was the first official to

put the idea into words.

"These were *not* bombs. They were cannon shells fired from a huge gun, greater than man has ever seen. There is no other possibility!"

In that era before ICBM missiles, atomic weapons and jet aircraft, his statement sounded farfetched and unreal to some. But the colonel, talking learnedly on trajectories, metals, fire power and wind direction, virtually proved his case in a short time.

In the next twenty-four hours scientists, military experts, engineers and artillery specialists rushed to Paris and concurred in Vassion's bold theory.

A mammoth gun, artfully concealed from French air spotters and balloons, lay some place far from the city, bringing death and destruction to the capital.

Said a French major, sleepless after many nights of pondering the subject: "Such a gun would have to be 100 feet long and, by my calculations, is firing from at least 75 miles out of the city."

It was incredible and nightmarish. But all too true.

**T**HE man in the spiked helmet wore many medals and had a withered arm. With his good hand he patted the gleaming flanks of the cannon. "You shall be called Big Bertha, after Frau von Bohlen, head of the Krupp family which made you," said Kaiser Wilhelm. "May you give the French many unhappy days and nights."

The gun, which started lobbing the 300-pound shells after these words, had been the best-kept secret of World War I. It was a high-velocity weapon of 8.26 inch. caliber, later retubed to larger bore. It weighed 145 tons. Exactly 110 feet long, the monster gun had been brought piecemeal into the forest of Coucy 76 miles from Paris.

Townspeople and peasants had been forcibly removed from the area so that they could not observe the great excavations, the special railway tracks, and the fantastic camouflaging which preceded Big Bertha's arrival.

German lumberjacks, scaling towering trees, felled 200 forest giants to provide a leafy concealment for the cannon. More than 5,000 workmen were used in digging, casting metal, erecting living quarters for gun crews, and weaving a latticework covering to disguise the huge gun which lay like a silver python in the woods.

From reinforced concrete bunkers hand-picked gunnery experts fired Big Bertha by remote control, eventually sending the shells crashing into Amiens, Compiègne, Meaux, Commmiers, Chalons and Soissons, as well as Paris itself.

The Kaiser's name for the gun stuck. Big Bertha became world-famous—or infamous.

Soon a certain pattern appeared in the shelling. Every third day there would be an explosion in Paris. Nobody knew just where or at what hour the shell would fall. Sometimes there would be three or four shots in succession.

On one pleasant Thursday—maid's day off—soldiers and sailors on leave were squiring the girls in the Bois du Boulogne when Big Bertha spat a shell into the

heart of the park. It fell in the middle of a group of picnickers from the De Salles Munitions Works, who were enjoying a half-holiday awarded for a fine production record the previous month.

Without warning the powerful shell plummeted from the sky into the pickle jars, salads and merrymakers. A workman from the Nitrate Department grinned foolishly from a tree; his head and shoulders were wedged in the crotch of the trunk. They never found the rest of the man. The remains of a pretty 17-year-old girl from the Cartridge Packing Section were gathered up with shovels and dumped into a tablecloth. Fifteen men and women were killed and forty-two injured at this sad picnic.

Even as Parisians still shuddered at the horror of it, another shell from Big Bertha plopped into town three days later in the Garden of the Tuileries at the edge of the Seine. It sprayed hundreds of sharp fragments onto boats carrying other picnickers and lovers. Many lost ears, fingers and arms.

One 18-year-old girl, Lavette Andre, leaped from her rowboat in panic. Unable to swim, she drowned in the Seine. Her boy friend, a swimming champion from Marseilles, cowered in a blue funk at the bottom of the boat, completely demoralized by the sudden shelling.

He was hanged from a near-by elm tree by irate soldiers who had witnessed the girl's death and his cowardice.

As the months went by Parisians tried to jest about Big Bertha, variously called The Monster, That Bitch, and worse. But the nerves of the citizens were stretched to the breaking point by the unending series of blasts.

**O**NE rainy September day a shell from the huge cannon, exploding atop a principal sewer main under the Rue de Meaux, tore a six-foot hole in the pavement.

A concierge saw them first—an army of rats, drenched and angry creatures, king-sized as such sewer denizens are, pouring out of the pavement gash in an endless horde.

"Come quick! They are entering the windows, the chimney, they are everywhere!" the woman shrieked into the telephone.

At the other end of the wire a police sergeant thought he was talking with a mad person.

Two hours later, in response to other frantic calls from neighbors, the cops hurried to the Rue de Meaux and saw the thoroughfare literally black with fighting, hungry rats.

A swarm of the rodents leaped on the first policeman who stepped out of a car. They ripped his arms and chest to the bare bone. A detachment of soldiers, skilled in the use of poison gas, was summoned, and residents were hastily evacuated.

For ten hours the gas squad sprayed the thousands of rats in kitchens, parlors, garbage cans and basements, until the street was covered with a ten-inch layer of rodent corpses.

Shoveling aside a mound of dead rats, troops forced open the door of the concierge who had made the original call.



"There is just a skeleton here," said a lieutenant in a hollow, sick voice. "I have seen horror on the battlefield, but this is worse. She must have been eaten alive within minutes after she telephoned."

Time passed. There came a week when Big Bertha was silent for five full days. Was their torture at an end, people asked each other, hardly daring to hope.

In a spirit of thanksgiving for the let-up, worshipers streamed into the huge Church of St. Gervais. A thousand people knelt in prayer.

Precisely at 4:30 p.m. there was a jarring crash overhead and the stench of smoke and cordite filled the impressive stone structure.

"Look out! Run! The pillars are swaying!" shouted a woman in widow's garb.

People looked up incredulously at the high ceiling. It was true—everything was moving. A shell from the monster cannon had landed on the church roof. Before the stunned congregation could flee, the stone vault overhead, supported by 300-year-old granite pillars, began to crack and break up. Within thirty seconds tons and tons of stone and rubble tumbled onto the bodies of almost 1,000 people. The great church was a charnel house. Mammoth slabs of fallen granite pinned the living and made flattened bloody wafers of the dead.

One man, his head alone protruding from under a crimsoned slab of stone roofing, sang a hymn and died.

Within the hour doughty little Premier Clemenceau, the "Tiger of France," was on the scene. White of face, he clenched his fist and muttered curses at the Germans who had created this horror.

There were fifty-six dead and 107 injured in the church shelling. Paris was scared—but Paris was angry too. The people bought more war bonds, worked harder, hated the enemy more intensely.

A day or so after this macabre event, the press announced: "If Big Bertha begins firing during the night, the gendarmes

will march through the streets blowing whistles and beating drums. This will be your signal to go to the shelters."

Now the French cop is a dignified fellow and an able one, but to play a long roll on a drum takes years of practice. Frenchmen, with their natural sense of humor, laughed uproariously when their caped and helmeted *flics* marched briskly down the streets, beating the drums as ineptly as any 5-year-old boy.

Nevertheless, most of the people dutifully ran to the shelters. But some remained above ground to follow the police, jeering and mocking the gendarmes.

The so-called Blue Gang, a group of hoodlums from the St. Gobain district, threw tomatoes and rocks as the drum-beating cops appeared to warn the people after a shell exploded in an amusement park one night, killing eight people on the Ferris wheel.

Without warning a second missile from Big Bertha dropped squarely in the midst of the cops' tormentors. Six kidding toughs simply evaporated into thin air after this blast. Only the leather jacket of the leader was found a block away, blown into a clump of bushes by the explosion.

After this gory vanishing act nobody thought the musical cops were a joke any longer.

The shelling of Paris by Big Bertha lasted 211 days in all. In that period some 650 Frenchmen perished and more than 2,000 were wounded, suffered dismemberment, were blinded or paralyzed.

With the coming of the Armistice Big Bertha's terrible mouth was sealed with lead and the big gun was placed on public exhibition by her Allied captors. Parisians trooped by by the thousands to see the gun which had made their lives a hell for the better part of a year.

"It is the ultimate horror," said one newspaper. "The world will never see another weapon as deadly."

That writer should have stuck around until now!

THE END



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## GONE, MAN, GONE!

(Continued from page 13)

There's a language for love, too. It's brief and to the point. A beat cat simply says "pad me" to the beat chick. If she's willing she says "dig." If it's no she says "drop." She may also say "I'm frigid."

If she's a real doll, the cat will say "I'll make you wail." If she's a dog, though, it's "don't bug."

It's this latter chatter that's being heard more and more in the Left Bank cafes where the beats meet. The cafes are small, usually with about six tables. They're cheap, too. You can have a cup of coffee for five cents and stay in the place all day. And they're almost as dirty as the characters who hang around the fly-specked tables or lean against the greasy bar.

To a lot of beats these cafes are almost living quarters. They may be as hot as hell in summer, but they're warm in winter, which means a lot if you're sleeping under a bridge or over a subway grating. So the beats often open up the joints and

stay until they're swept out at closing time. Lots of them pick up their mail at one of the handful of places where they hang out. Just as many pick up their females there.

Like in New York, the beats in Paris are likely to read poetry or sing folksongs, sitting on the floor in one of the cafes. Mostly, though, they simply tell each other what's wrong with the world. In Paris they drink coffee as often as they drink red wine. Whatever it is, though, they make a point of not paying for it.

Paris may be the fashion center for the rest of the world, but the beats brought their West Coast wardrobes along when they came. They're still wearing blue jeans and polo shirts in summer. In winter they put on duffle coats or heavy sweaters. Boys all have beards, and they may be barefooted. If they wear anything on their feet, it's sandals.

Their babes sometimes wear blue jeans, (Continued on page 54)



but they're more likely to wear tight black sweaters, full black skirts, one red and one green stocking, and high-heeled black shoes. Hair can be worn in bangs or pony tails, as long as it's never washed. Two things the beats don't dig are soap and water. Most boast they haven't bathed in years. You know it's true when the breeze blows your way.

Even crumbier than the cafes where the gang hangs out is the filthy fleabag where those with a few sou in their pockets sleep during the day. It's located in a back alley, with a fine view from the couple of windows it boasts of garbage cans and one of those outdoor toilets the French call *pissoir*. The corridors of the hotel are small and smelly; most of the roomers also smell. The paint is peeling; there is no plumbing. Still, the place is as exclusive, in its way, as the Ritz, and the only people who get in are the guys and gals who are far out.

Another haunt of the gang that's going, going, gone is an American bookshop on the slopes of the Seine, just opposite Notre Dame, the most famous cathedral in the world. The place is run by a bearded beat from Boston, who lives in the back room with his mangy dog.

The walls of the shop are lined with books. But the floor has caved in and the ceiling has collapsed. The shop is tops for its collection of pornography—no mean distinction in Paris. Some of the bawdy books are displayed in the front window. If the one you want isn't there, you'll find it on the open shelves.

Besides obscenity, the window features a special beatnik book-selling campaign. A sign reads: "Before taking your mistress next door to dine on sow's udders stuffed with fried baby mice, buy a book to take home to your wife and children."

Another note, advertising Henry Miller's book "Nights of Love and Laughter" says: "If you are a woman, this book will give you as much pleasure as taking off your girdle at the end of the day." A book called "I Leap Over the Wall" is suggested "for your friends in prison."

The bookshop also boasts a bulletin board plastered with personal notes. They're in all languages—French, English, German, Italian, even Russian and Polish. Most of those in English are from beatnik poets advertising for rich widows who can keep them, or simply for girls who are good in bed.

The store opens at noon—no self-respecting beat would get up before then, anyway—and closes when George, the owner, gets tired or loaded. No one seems to buy books from George, but the place is always littered with characters lounging on the floor, trying to borrow money from one another.

It's on Sundays, though, that the joint starts jumping. That's when George opens house for poetry and prose readings. All the beats in business turn up, scraps of paper in their hands, to read what they've written.

Most of these characters are strictly from hunger. A lot of them have banded together into a group called "The Dead Language Poets." Once in a while, though, one of the big beat boys like Gregory Corso or Alan Ginsburg turns up. When

this happens, huge signs appear in the window, describing in detail and in unprintable language, just what will take place. Admission to these sessions is free. But "the hat will be passed" say the signs.

The beat boys begin to read their poems to cool jazz in the background. As they warm up the audience gets hot. Most of the poems don't make sense. Those that do are just plain sexy, and so lewd and lascivious that even the French would ban them if they were ever printed.

High point of the racy reading session is reached when Gregory Corso, one of the know-it poets, starts to strip. To emphasize some point he's making, he'll unbutton his fly.

All of this has left the French—no prissies about purity—with eyebrows raised as high as the Eiffel Tower. They've been accustomed to the antics of artists for a long time—the balls with nude models, the fur-covered toilet seats exhibited in all seriousness as great sculpture. All this they find fun. But the beats leave them as cold as Paris in December. They call them juvenile delinquents, sex maniacs, bums.

The beats deny this. Beat, they say, is a philosophy, a religion, a way of life.

The beats insist they want no part of "the American rat race." They don't want money, either. As for fame, they're content to see their poems scribbled on the walls of public toilets.

One beat tried to clear everything up when he said: "The existentialist cat dug like that the positive answer of nothingness, in the face of nothingness, is positivism. We dig that the positive answer of nothingness, to nothingness, is nothingness. Man, isn't that further out?"

In or out, the French don't care. They can only repeat, over and over: "Go, man, go!"

THE END

## SEX BOOKS ARE FOR WOMEN

(Continued from page 23)

little about sex, the average young man may begin to believe it and develop a feeling of inadequacy. It is the same power of suggestion that advertisers of mouth wash and dentifrice use. Nobody has ever told you that you have bad breath, but told often enough in print that you *may* have it, you come in time to believe it might be so.

This fear technique is used by successful authors of the current sex books. For example, the revised edition of "The Adequate Male" by Dr. Frank S. Caprio contains such section headings as, The Price of Sex Ignorance, What Men Don't Know About Sex, The Uninformed, What Every Woman Expects in a Man, Errors in Technique, Sexual Bungling During the Honey-moon.

This particular book is not unique. It's just one of many being published regularly, and using much the same approach.

It's the contention of many conservative psychiatrists—and one in which I heartily

agree—that such publications with their fear-stimulating headings set up a defeatist attitude in the average male reader. Instead of educating him—the avowed purpose of the authors—these books inhibit him. And often the tragic end result can be impotency brought on by pure mental suggestion.

Such cases, of course, are individual tragedies. But there is another and far more serious, lasting harm that is being perpetrated by such publications. It is a harm that can very well affect not only the present generation, but alter the future course of civilization.

The majority of these books on sex techniques, accurate as they may be in specific detail, concentrate most of their emphasis in one direction—how the male can satisfy the female.

On the surface this may seem a harmless enough aim, but actually it's a premise that is not only dangerous, but fundamentally wrong. It is contrary to all the basic laws of nature.

What these books are advocating and teaching in their detailed descriptions of sex techniques is not only the need, but the duty of the male to sexually satisfy a woman. And not the average woman, mind you, but any woman.

For instance, in another book, with the provocative title of "How To Overcome Sex Frigidity in Women," author I. Deven-sky, identified as a sexology consultant and lecturer, states in his introduction:

"The purpose of this book is to give you in frank detail . . . methods for the prevention and correction of one of the most serious social problems of our times: sexual frigidity in the female. While sexual maladjustment in marriage, due to the wife's frigidity, causes pain psychologically rather than physically, it is nevertheless still severe. Marital unhappiness is the rule rather than the exception. Regardless of how sophisticated a man may try to appear, the ignorance and stupidity of the average man concerning sexual matters is colossal . . ."

The author goes on in graphic detail and with graphic biological illustrations to describe all the arts and artifices that can be used to excite and satisfy a woman who is by nature and/or inclination frigid. That is all very well, up to a point. But then a very natural question arises.

Why should an entire generation of males be taught ways and means of satisfying a frigid woman? Or any woman, for that matter?

More to the point, just what are the implications of this trend?

There is potential danger, that much is sure. For carried to the extreme, this new sexual approach between the sexes could well mean the end of white civilization as we now know it.

It could mean the decline of the now dominant civilized peoples—constituting less than 25 per cent of the world's population—and the upsurge of the more naturalistic, primitive majority.

What the sexologists are now doing, however unwittingly and indirectly, is advocating the breeding of future generations of male gigolos. By emphasizing the need and duty of the male to satisfy the female, the sexologists are attempting to force the male into a sexually subservient role.



This violates every law of nature. In nearly all human society, as well as the animal kingdom, the male has always been the dominant of the two sexes. That is the way nature ordained matters, with the female smaller and weaker, the male bigger and stronger.

This is the reason for the difference between the organs of the male and female. It is the man who gives (or imposes his will) and the woman who receives (or submits.)

This basic biological fact is important to remember today, when sexologists are trying to reverse the traditional roles of the male and female.

In societies of the past the true role of the woman was well understood. In Greece and Rome and Egypt, in Persia and Asia and the Far East, the woman was not only subservient to the male, but it was her duty to please him. It was the female who was trained in the arts and artifices of love-making.

The male was the warrior who did battle to provide a place for himself in the world, either in actual combat or in adventurous pursuits or commerce. The female provided him with pleasure and relaxation. The role of the courtesan in Europe, the harem favorite in the Arabian countries, the concubine in the Far East, was an honored one. And it required more than just sexual acquiescence on the part of the female—it took training and skill.

Those, coincidentally, were the centuries and the locales where culture and the arts first flourished. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, along with the wealth of Persia and the cultural richness of China, all came into being in the period when men were the masters and women the willing slaves of their desires.


But now, in an already tension-ridden world, the sexologists, so-called, are trying to change nature's pattern. Or, to be more exact, to hasten a change that is even now in the process of taking place. Women are already competing with men on an equal footing in business and the professions. They are no longer willing to accept their natural roles of housewives and mothers. Many, in fact, while willing enough to get married, flatly refuse to accept the traditional responsibilities of marriage.

The result of this type of false, synthetic marriage is readily apparent in the divorce statistics, mounting each year. The result is also to be seen in the mounting number of deaths of middle-aged men from the hypertension and heart ailments brought on by today's highly competitive civilization, a civilization that provides no normal and natural means of relaxation.

According to the standards now set by the sexologists, a man can no longer relax pleasurably in the loving arms of an understanding woman. Instead, it is his duty to understand her, his duty to please her, his duty to see that she receives satisfaction.

As stated before, this can lead either to psychologically-induced impotency or to a generation of women-pleasing gigolos. Either way, it's a dangerous trend to the decline of the male in contemporary society.

THE END



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## THE DAY BLACKBEARD WAS BORED

(Continued from page 24)

in the cockpit, stared at their leader uneasily, and the woman made a futile attempt to slide off his knee. From bitter experience they all knew that when Blackbeard began to laugh something distinctly uncomfortable to somebody was about to happen.

It did. With what looked like a casual push, the big pirate sent the woman he had just been caressing reeling across the cockpit, so that her unclothed body thumped against the opposite bulkhead. She slumped to the deck, mouthing unladylike curses at the uncouth buccaneer.

Blackbeard stood up, lifted the rum bottle by the neck and smashed it down on the oak table with terrific force. Splintered glass flew in all directions. A man swore lustily as a fragment gashed his cheek. Blackbeard snatched one of the six knives he carried at his belt and flung it with uncanny aim at the protesting member of his crew. The weapon literally parted the man's long hair right down the middle and buried its point in the bulkhead. Blood streamed down the man's forehead from the shallow scalp wound.

Blackbeard roared with laughter and his men roared with him, considering it prudent to do so with their leader in his present mood.

"I'm bored!" shouted the big pirate. "Bored with whores, bored with rum, bored with the yellow-livered company of scum like you!" He banged his scarred fist on the table and glared from one to the other. "The only company I crave right now," he grated, "is the devil—the devil himself!"

He threw back his ugly head and laughed again.

"So!" he bellowed suddenly. "If we want the devil's company there's only one place we'll find him at this time of day—in hell! And hell is what we're going to make for ourselves, our own private hell complete with fire and brimstone and all the pretty things the devil owns in Hades."

He turned to the door and wrenched it open. "Follow me, all of you! We'll go down to this floating hell of ours and see how long we can stand it."

Blackbeard led the way down to the ship's hold. There in the light of a single lantern he closed all the hatches and ordered a keg of brimstone, a barrel of pitch and some pieces of old rope to be heaped on an iron plate in the middle of the hold and set on fire.

In no time at all the confined space was reeking with an authentic replica of the atmosphere of hell. The pirate captain's playmates, livid with asphyxia and with faces streaming from the blistering heat, soon made a rush for the hatches and heaved themselves up to the sunny deck. But Blackbeard's nightmarish features were the last to project themselves over the edge of the hatch. His face looked like that of

a man who'd hanged himself, but he announced with a grim smile that it was both a pleasure and a pride to him to know that he could stand more of Satan's hell than any of the rest.

Back they all staggered to the cockpit to continue their wild carousal. Lustily they tossed their half-demented captain in raw rum. Once more he had proved himself to be the roughest, toughest and most reckless rascal ever to prowl the seas.

Blackbeard's real name was Edward Teach, and he was without doubt the world's greatest authentic pirate. The popular buccaneer of fiction, with his black ringlets and one eye, his peg leg and belt full of knives and pistols, sitting on a gunpowder cask and scattering murder aimlessly around him, was never even remotely in the same league with Ed Teach. Teach was the ultimate as a seagoing scoundrel, a devil incarnate with looks so menacing that even his own men quaked with apprehension whenever his beady black eyes looked their way.

His repulsive flat-nosed face was almost hidden by a mane-like beard, with the jet-black hair growing up to his very eyes. This beard was so long that he twisted it into small tails tied with ribbons and turned the ends over his ears. He had a head like a brindled gnu. Under his battered hat he stuck lighted matches or fuses which, when he was indulging in killing or piracy, would glow horribly on either side of his eyes.

In pictures sketched of him at the time he is depicted in a long-skirted coat with immense cuffs, and in breeches, stockings and shoes. In his hand is a cutlass, while as many as six pistols are stuck in his belt. But that was his going-ashore rig. On board he would strip to the waist, add a few knives to the pistols, and drive the point of his cutlass into the deck wherever he was standing or sitting. Wine, women and piracy were his three overwhelming specialties, and he indulged in each with an enthusiasm which has enshrined his name among the most famous in the halls of villainy.

Born in Bristol, England, and a skilled mariner by trade, Ed Teach was unquestionably one of the most unholiest men that ever lived. He thought nothing of robbing, murdering and torturing his own crew or making his discarded women walk a plank into the sea, where they would become food for the sharks.

Once, when in a jocular mood, he stripped seventeen of his men naked and marooned them on a treeless desert island. The sun would have scorched them to death, as he hoped it would, if an amateur freebooter named Stede Bonnet from Barbados hadn't spotted them and taken them off.

LIKE many other adventurers of the Spanish Main, Blackbeard started his freebooting life as a privateer, and took to honest piracy in 1716. From the very first he was a success, capturing at least sixteen fat prizes in the Atlantic and accumulating fabulous loot. His mate was the pirate Israel Hands, whose name was later immortalized by Robert Louis Stevenson in "Treasure Island."

(Continued on page 58)





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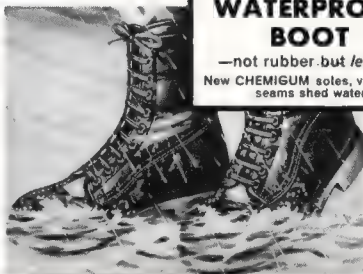
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In Blackbeard's day pirates were granted the king's pardon provided they returned their stolen goods and promised to sin no more. This was a farcical arrangement as far as the tough old buccaneers were concerned. They would ask for such a pardon merely for a brief respite from being hunted, only to break their paroles later when the spirit moved them.

Blackbeard did this repeatedly, just so that he could spend some of his loot. He is said to have married a total of fourteen women while ashore, deserting each one in turn.

Along the coasts of Virginia and the Carolinas and around the islands of the Caribbean, Blackbeard pillaged, robbed, raped, sank ships and tortured to his heart's content. Members of his own crew sincerely believed that he was in league with the devil, for he was always boasting of being in the evil one's company. When asked whether, if anything happened to him, anybody would know where his loot had been buried, he always replied that nobody but himself and Satan knew where it was, and the longest alive would take all.

On his ship the crew frequently noticed a man on board who was not one of them. Some days he would be among them, and on other days he would be absent. This uncanny phenomenon puzzled Blackbeard's men, and many were convinced that the mysterious man was Satan dressed up as one of them.

Israel Hands, in a letter to his parents, recounted how he and Blackbeard's second mate, Job Tully, once entered the bearded captain's cabin at night when he was carousing ashore. There was a pack of greasy cards on the table and a bottle of rum.

"How about a game?" asked Hands. "The old man won't be back till dawn. He won't miss a bottle, and we can use his cabin. We'll quit when we hear his boat coming alongside."

"All right," agreed Tully. "Just so long as we make sure we hear him. Otherwise he'll skewer us to the deck."

They took a good swig each from the bottle of rum and settled down at the table. Blackbeard's cabin was typical of the man. There were two bunks in it, one of them practically hidden under a pile of empty rum and wine bottles and an assortment of pirate's weapons. Pistols hung on hooks all round the room, and obscene drawings decorated the spaces in between. Hanging on the back of the door was a human skull with a hole in the forehead. Blackbeard used to boast that it was the skull of his enemy, Capt. Gates, who sank the pirate's first vessel in 1717 and who was later killed by Blackbeard in a tavern brawl.

Hands picked up the greasy cards. He spread them and suggested they play "put," a favorite pirate's game in which a player raps on the table with his knuckles as a signal to his partner that he's ready to start.

The two pirates played steadily for an hour, drinking, knocking, shuffling and dealing, with ears alert for the sound of a boat that would tell them the captain was returning. Then, just as they were ending a game, they heard the clocks ashore strike 12.

Tully leaned back in a chair. Though he had turned freebooter and had committed murder and mayhem, he still professed an apologetic respect for religion and the Sabbath Day.

"How about quitting now," he said. "It's Sunday."

Hands laughed at him derisively, but Tully was serious. "Those," he said thickly, "who play cards on Sunday, run a double chance of death on Monday."

His partner reached for the rum bottle, tipped it to his lips and laughed again. "Why don't you grow up, Job?" said Hands. "Who cares what day it is when you're in this business? I'd play right on through to Monday if I had a partner."

Hands' eyes were on the pack of cards as he spoke and suddenly he stiffened. It was the rum, he thought. It must be the rum. But no! Tully had seen it too. He had pushed his chair back and was now standing quite still, with his eyes wide open and his lips trembling.

As both men watched, the cards began to spread themselves out evenly, ready for further play. Neither of the men had touched them.

Hands gasped and leaped to his feet. "Look!" he screamed. "The devil's with us in Teach's cabin!"

In another second he had flung himself up the companionway, with Tully at his heels. They rushed forward to the fo'c'sle and stood there, shaking.

"It's the devil himself," gasped Tully. "Teach always said they were in partnership. You asked for somebody to play cards with on Sunday and the devil accepted your invitation."

They heard the sound of oars and saw Blackbeard rowing toward the ship in his dinghy. He hailed them. Hands answered him and grabbed a lantern. The two of them went to the ladder astern. On their way they passed the skylight in the captain's cabin, where the light still burned. They glanced into the cabin but could see nothing mysterious.

Yet, according to Hands' own account, while they waited at the top of the ladder for Blackbeard, they both distinctly heard a rapping of knuckles on the table again, as if somebody were impatient for his partner to start.

Blackbeard, swearing and cursing, hoisted himself up the ladder and over the side. He knew immediately that something was wrong.

"What's the matter with you two scupper brats?" he bawled. "What is it? I'll make your backs as hot as roasted pigs if you don't answer!"

"It's the devil, sir," said Hands. "The devil's in your cabin, playing double rummy put."

At this the captain began to laugh, glancing from one to the other with his glittering black eyes, as though trying to decide whether the two of them would be better off over the side. Then he looked toward the skylight.

"The devil, eh?" he exclaimed. "The devil himself come to play cards again with Cap'n Teach!"

Once again they heard the sinister rapping noise down below. Teach strode toward the skylight. "Getting impatient, ain't he?" he chuckled. "Wants to get his

blasted own back on me this time."

He swung round and glared at them, his mouth working. "Well, I won't disappoint him! It won't be the first time I've played with Satan, and I'm certain it won't be the last!"

Roaring with laughter, Teach staggered down the companionway and entered his cabin. His two quaking lieutenants waited for a few seconds, then went to the edge of the skylight, peeking into the cabin below. They couldn't see all the cabin, but what they did see was enough to make their blood run cold. Blackbeard, according to Hands' account, was sitting there with one hand holding the cards and the other a freshly-opened bottle of rum. Opposite him a hand of cards was spread out and seemingly suspended in midair. There was another loud rapping noise on the table, and it certainly wasn't the pirate captain knocking because both his hands were being used. It was apparently the devil himself, playing double rummy put with Capt. Teach.

**T**HIS belief that Blackbeard was in league with the devil was strengthened by the uncanny way in which he always handled a ship at sea. When he took the wheel the craft seemed to know it and would ride like a swan on its own private lake. When they were running free, with the mainsheets eased off and the foresail quivering, the ship's wake would be as straight as her masts and she would bob up half a point nearer the wind.

More often than not, Blackbeard was reeling drunk when he took the wheel, but drunk or sober, his ship would rise to any sea with him holding her. He would rant and roar and work his crew like fury for twelve hours at a stretch if there was a chance of intercepting a fat prize. Immediately such a prize was grappled, he would be the first man to board her, cutlass in one hand and pistol in the other, roaring like a maddened bull and completely oblivious of bullet and sword wounds.

He seemed to bear a charmed life and often boasted that he carried around with him a pound of lead in his chest and a charge of grapeshot in his buttocks. He sincerely believed that his blood would completely dissolve all such embarrassing foreign bodies.

Besides his total disregard for danger, Blackbeard had social qualities of quite a rare order. One night—just before his encounter with Lieut. John Maynard, who was destined to put an end to the pirate's rip-roaring career—he was entertaining Israel Hands and a pilot named John Scott in his cabin. The entertainment seems to have consisted mainly of the consumption of tobacco and rum and the sharing of two wenches who had been hired for the occasion. Finally Blackbeard pushed the women through the door, closed it, and announced that he was about to "liven up the party."

He sat down, took two loaded pistols out of his belt and cocked them carefully. Blowing out the candle on the table, he closed both eyes, crossed his hands and pulled the triggers.

It was a great joke, he figured, and be-

(Continued on page 60)



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came practically helpless with laughter when he found that Hands had been shot through the knee and was probably maimed for life. The other bullet had nicked the astonished pilot's ear and had sent him scuttling out of the cabin as though Blackbeard's partner, Satan himself, were after him.

Hands, writhing in pain and with the blood spurting from his shattered knee, asked indignantly what in hell Teach thought he was doing. Once again the black-maned villain roared with laughter. "Don't you see?" he pleaded, the tears streaming down his beard. "If I didn't kill one of you now and then you'd forget who I am!"

The people of Virginia and North Carolina, appalled by the pirate leader's terrible deeds, at last sent an urgent note to the Lieut. Governor of Virginia, demanding Blackbeard's capture or death. The Lieut. Governor promptly offered a reward of one hundred pounds for Teach's capture, dead or alive, and forty pounds for the capture of any other pirate captain.

At that time Blackbeard was resting from his labors. He had discovered a green-sheltered cove at the mouth of the Ocracoke Inlet, a tranquil spot that pleased him. His whereabouts were known up and down the coast, but this didn't bother him. Six 10-gallon casks on board his ship had been replenished with rum, and four women had been lured to the inlet by the promise of much gold and many trinkets. Blackbeard and his crew were going to have an orgy, and if any damn fool wanted to stop them, just let him try!

Lieut. John Maynard of H.M.S. *Pearl* was ordered to proceed in a Navy sloop to Ocracoke, with one hundred armed men. His assignment was to take Blackbeard, dead or alive.

Blackbeard heard all about Lieut. Maynard and his little expedition and treated both with typical contempt. He continued his wild orgy and made no preparations whatever to repel Maynard and his party.

One fateful morning Maynard's vessel crept up the quiet inlet and the lieutenant saw with great satisfaction that the pirate craft lay at her anchor. He immediately buckled on his sword, loaded his pistols, and ordered his men to prepare for action.

Twenty-eight-year-old Maynard was certainly a good choice of adversary for the giant pirate. Though shorter than Blackbeard by almost a foot, he had the girth of a wrestler, yet was light on his feet and an expert swordsman. Fear was an emotion he knew nothing about, and he was as impatient to come face-to-face with the notorious pirate and collect the hundred pounds as Blackbeard was to get to the bottom of his last rum barrel and send all six barrels for a refill.

The lookout on the pirate vessel sighted the approaching sloop and informed his captain. Blackbeard disentangled himself from the arms of his latest whore and went on deck to shake his massive fist at Maynard and tell him to go to hell or be sent there in two separate halves.

Maynard ignored the pirate's bellowing and sailed nearer. Blackbeard, crazed with drink and fury, seized an ax and with one mighty swipe severed his own ship's cable, with the result that the pirate vessel drifted

ashore.

Drunk or not, Blackbeard's move was clever, for the buccaneer had seen that the sloop drew too much water to come close in to shore. Maynard, also realizing that fact, had to anchor within half a gunshot of his quarry. 'Neither vessel carried any cannon.

"Throw all ballast overboard," ordered the lieutenant. "Get rid of every spar and piece of scrap iron we can spare. Stave in every water cask, too. I'm determined to get enough freeboard on her to bear down on that crazy pirate."

Almost every object except weapons and ammunition was tossed over the side until Maynard estimated he had enough freeboard to slip anchor. He set his mainsail and jib and bore down slowly upon the stranded sea robber.

Meanwhile Blackbeard, now spoiling for a fight, had mustered and armed all his men. He stood on the poop, cursing and defying Maynard and drinking to his speedy damnation with a king-size goblet of rum.

**T**HE man-of-war's man now led a boarding party in small boats across the intervening distance, but Teach and his pirates met this with such a fierce volley of small shot that twenty-nine of Maynard's men were killed or wounded, leaving scarcely enough crew to row back to the sloop for shelter. Maynard came through unscathed and immediately gave orders for the sloop to risk grounding and press even closer to the pirate vessel.

Slowly the attacking ship crept toward Teach and his gang of cutthroats, who were waiting on the deck with pistols and muskets cocked and cutlasses drawn. All Maynard's men were sent below, so that he and the helmsman—lying prone, with his hands on the wheel—were the only targets on the silent deck.

Blackbeard shrieked out the chorus of a sea shanty as the sloop drew near. When she had drifted close enough, he pelted her deck with grenades—bottles filled with gunpowder and slugs and provided with a quick-burning fuse.

The sloop didn't ground. She hove to alongside the pirate ship. As soon as the two vessels touched, Blackbeard and his crew, with hideous yells and flashing cutlass blades, leaped upon the sloop's decks. They advanced through the black smoke still belching from the exploding grenades, and out of the cloud the awful figure of Blackbeard emerged, making straight for Maynard. At the same time the men hidden down below in the sloop scrambled topside and the fight began.

As Teach and Maynard saw each other, they both fired their pistols. The lieutenant dodged, but Blackbeard was hit in the mouth and the blood began to drip hideously from his beard. There was no time to fumble about with pistols now, so both men lashed into each other with cutlasses.

"I'll hack the soul from your body, sailor!" Teach yelled, spitting great gobs of blood from his mouth. "I'll split your empty skull down the middle!"

It was a trial of the pirate's immense strength and endurance against the officer's speed and skill with his weapon. They fought across the deck, stumbling over

dead bodies, trampling on horribly wounded men. Groans and screams of anguish drowned out even Blackbeard's bellowing voice, but through the thick murk the crazed buccaneer's animal teeth and murderous eyes could still be seen, following Maynard's every move like a man-eating tiger.

Serious wounds were inflicted on both men, but neither was put out of action until Maynard's sword blade snapped off at the hilt when hit with terrific force by the pirate's weapon. Blackbeard rushed in, slashing at Maynard's head with a downward stroke. The lieutenant jumped nimbly to one side and the cutlass sliced into his sword hand, severing three fingers.

Blackbeard swept his cutlass back again for another vicious cut, but just as the blow whistled down, one of Maynard's men brought his own sword down on the back of the buccaneer's red neck.

Blackbeard cursed, not with pain but with genuine surprise. His own blow glanced from Maynard's shoulder. The wound on the pirate's neck gaped, as though hacked asunder by the executioner's ax. Blood gushed down his back and over his shoulders, and his head slumped forward horribly, unsupported by the tendons which had been severed in his neck.

He turned on the man who had delivered the blow and sliced off his head with one terrific swipe of his weapon. Then he whirled to defend himself against half a dozen of the sloop's men, who were now trying to cut him down.

By this time the decks were slippery with blood, so Teach kicked off his shoes to get a better foothold on the planks. He stood with his back to the bulwarks, his blade whirling, his face and neck streaming with blood. Panting, he flailed his dripping cutlass, still keeping his attackers at bay. He had received no less than twenty-six wounds, five of which were from bullets, but there was still a defiant leer on his face.

In the end his sword arm was almost severed in the middle. He dropped his cutlass and snatched one of his pistols, cocking it at arm's length and aiming carefully at Maynard, who was advancing on him with another sword. But before the trigger was pulled and before Maynard's sword skewered him, the pirate's gory head slumped suddenly onto his chest and he toppled to the deck. Maynard withdrew his sword and promptly cut the pirate's half-severed head from his body.

About twelve of Blackbeard's remaining men jumped overboard, but all were shot dead as they tried to reach the shore. Another thirteen were taken prisoner and clapped in irons. Maynard hung the ghastly head of Blackbeard from the bowsprit of his sloop and set sail triumphantly for Bath Town in North Carolina. When he got there his thirteen prisoners were promptly hanged.

The only one of Blackbeard's men to escape was Israel Hands, who was ashore at the time nursing the pistol wound in his knee which the crazed pirate chief had inflicted three days before.

Thus ended the career of the great Blackbeard, king of the pirates and the devil's own seagoing partner in evil.

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## THE PASSION CRUISE OF THE S.S. WESSEX

(Continued from page 14)

honorable chap. He keeps calling for help but they won't let him out. He says that one of the girls has a butcher knife at his throat. She's forcing him to make love!"

Capt. Bolling paled and muttered something into the tube. He was a lean and weathered Englishman, a maritime martinet who was respected from Boston to Singapore.

At 34, the skipper had 20 years of service with the Iberia-Palermo Lines behind him, having started with the company as a 14-year-old cabin boy. Bolling was a reserved and courteous bachelor whose work was his sole passion; his flecked green eyes came alive only when he was in the chart room or on the bridge. Women played no major role in his life.

Now he groaned and poured himself a stiff two fingers of whisky, almost a revolutionary act, for he wasn't a drinking man. But tonight, at 2:16 a.m. on May 2, 1930, he morosely thought: "I ought to drain the whole blinking bottle. No other skipper ever faced such a tough voyage. What next?"

When he opened his cabin door he could hear the sounds made by 167 restless females on the Wessex, a sleek, red-funnelled liner of 9,000 tons, built at the Hull, England shipyards the year before the depression got started in the fall of 1929.

On A deck he heard a Rudy Vallee record blaring and winced at the sound of tinkling glass from broken bottles and some most unladylike cursing. To his right, from a locked cabin, he heard a ukulele and a girl singing a ribald ditty called "The Farmer's Delight." A man's baritone voice supplemented her song with some spicy improvisations of his own.

"That must be Jenks, the purser!" the captain told himself grimly, making a note in the little black book which he carried at all times.

As Bolling hurried along the passageway, the door of stateroom C, occupied by three girls from New Orleans society families, burst open and somebody threw a feminine undergarment at the captain's head. This was followed by a whisky bottle pitched by a red-haired debutante known as Honeysuckle Watson in the social columns of the Louisiana newspapers.

The hurled bottle was just too much. Stiff as a ramrod, Capt. Bolling pivoted, turned back, and peered into Miss Watson's luxurious quarters.

"Ooops, it's the skipper!" cried Honeysuckle, a curvaceous girl who was clad only in black net panties at this moment. "You naughty boys, I'll bet you get run up the yardarm or walk the plank or something if the captain catches you here with little old us!"

Harold Bolling stared frostily at the

merrymakers in stateroom C. It had twin beds. In one of them a pimply deck steward named Petey Hess, without a stitch of clothes on, was pretending to be Napoleon. A candy box, empty and pinched up at the sides, made a dandy tricornered hat for the emperor.

His equally bare Josephine was Miss Veronica Lecomiere, the 18-year-old heiress to a New Orleans fortune. Josephine was wriggling ecstatically in Napoleon's clumsy embrace.

"Ah've just got to take you back to college with me, honey chile. This sure does beat anything we ever do in the recreation hall at Miss Parker's in Boston!"

When Petey saw Capt. Bolling's eyes he tried to stand up to salute the officer. He merely succeeded in dumping Veronica on the floor.

"Begging your pardon, Captain, if I can just find my pants—er—and my shirt, I'll beat it. I—I don't know what happened to me tonight, sir."

The skipper said nothing but busied himself writing Petey's name in the little notebook. Then he proceeded to scrutinize the occupants of the other twin bed. A giant sting ray had a friendlier glint in its eye than did the captain at this moment.

"Mr. Hennessey," he said coldly to the man who cowered under the sheets, "if it is not asking too much, will you kindly return to your post? After all, you are the radio operator on this ship, though God knows what you'll be after I report you to the Maritime Board for this dereliction of duty."

Slowly a girl's white arm snaked out of the covers and the tousled blonde head of Miss Poppy Wilkes—of the Baton Rouge social set in Louisiana—raised up and looked quizzically at the captain.

"Dig him!" she said to the quaking radio operator in her bed. "You'd think the skipper never went in for a bit of fun. Dear me, it must be awful to be so dreary and righteous. But that's how you get when you're 50, I guess."

Seizing Hennessey by the scuff of the neck, Capt. Bolling plucked the man bodily from Miss Wilkes' bed and said icily: "My dear young lady, I am the captain of a four-million-dollar ocean-going vessel and not a drugstore cowboy. You young women have made a laughingstock of the Wessex. You have made a fool of me in the eyes of my colleagues. If I ever get another berth after this hellish voyage, it will be a surprise to all concerned."

He paused, then added curtly: "And I'll thank you to know I am 34, not 50. But I daresay you and your friends have aged me that much on this trip."

Although it was strictly against company rules and a shocking breach of his own high standards of deportment, Capt. Bolling aimed a kick at the backside of Joe Hennessey. Clad in a bath towel bearing the insignia of the Iberia-Palermo Lines, the radio operator weaved unsteadily down the passageway to his own quarters. All the while ferocious cracklings, sputterings and frantic Morse Code messages could be heard from his unattended receivers and transmitters.

Bolling picked up the phone and said curtly to the operator: "Get me Dr. Sophie Parker. Yes, of course I know it's after 2



a.m. But this is the captain speaking. I want that addeipated Parker woman in my cabin for immediate consultation or, you can tell her, I'll come to her quarters and drag her out by her frizzy gray hair. These shenanigans of her students have got to stop!"

**T**HE incredible cruise of the S.S. *Wessex*, in which a touring party of American college girls from society families practically took over the ship and turned its around-the-world voyage into a hell trip, has become one of the giddiest chapters in modern maritime history.

The fantastic journey had its origin in the fertile mind of Danny Barton, operator of a second-rate travel agency in a third-rate Chicago hotel. He unlocked his office one January morning in 1930, when executives were selling apples in the streets, and sat down to wait for customers who never came.

Travel was the first luxury to be dispensed with in this second year of the depression. So Danny put his feet on the desk and leafed through the sports pages of the *Chicago Tribune*, eventually getting to page 14 and *Educational Notes*. His eyes was caught by an item which read:

"A unique learn-as-you-go trip around the world is contemplated by Dr. Sophie Parker of Boston, founder and president of the Parker Institute for Girls, who is in Chicago today to discuss with colleagues her plan for educating students through travel. She expects to take with her 167 young women from America's most socially prominent and moneyed families."

Thirty minutes later the seedy little travel agent was at Miss Parker's hotel, expatiating on the glories of the S.S. *Wessex*.

"The *Wessex* is the latest thing afloat, ma'am. It has the newest safety devices, can accommodate 200 passengers in luxury quarters, does 22 knots easily, and has four salons, a lounge, a ballroom, and other facilities you can use for classrooms, laboratories and so forth."

Dr. Parker, a sallow, middle-aged woman who wore a tweed suit and pince-nez glasses, blushed as she leaned forward to ask:

"And the captain of the *Wessex*, Mr. Barton? What kind of man is he? I—er—trust he is charming and has tact, so he can understand the younger generation."

Danny, shrewd as a monkey, covertly studied the homely educator and interpreted her query thusly: "How about the skipper? Would he like me? I'm desperate for a man!"

Danny said brightly: "You'll really love the skipper, Dr. Parker! He's a lonely bachelor and often has confided that he'd like to marry and settle down. He's a bookish fellow, very handsome but shy. An excellent catch."

There was no haggling about costs after Dr. Parker swallowed this bait. The price was \$900 per passenger, payable in advance to the ship's owners in Naples, Italy. They were delighted by this chartered trip which would bring in a handsome profit.

On April 16 the schoolgirls arrived in a fleet of cabs at the Hudson River pier where the *Wessex* was berthed. Twittering and fussing, Dr. Parker helped the purser

check them in. (Later, the purser swore to the captain that three girls had pinched him indecately and murmured scandalous invitations as he inspected their tickets.)

Peering at the long line of young women from the flying bridge, Capt. Bolling felt a little queasy. He summoned Dr. Parker to his cabin and said: "I know you are an expert at handling young women, ma'am, but are you sure these girls will—er—that is, comport themselves well on this voyage? We become one big family for sixty-five days, you know. Cooped up on a ship people sometimes behave differently from the way they do at home."

Dr. Parker was not listening. Her withered face was aglow as if she were Helen of Troy being asked to give her love. Preening, fiddling with her glasses, she rose from her chair and swayed as she grabbed Capt. Bolling's jacket, ripping a gold button from his uniform.

"Ooops, I'm so sorry, Captain! This is my first ocean trip and I'm a little seasick already. Would you mind steadying me?"

And the woman educator, 45 years old and still unkissed, sighed and let herself go limp against the bewildered skipper who had to put his arm around her to keep her from falling.

"Madam," he said stiffly, "I don't see how you can be nauseated yet. We're still tied up at the dock. Are you sure you want to go on this voyage?"

It was a foolish question. Wild horses couldn't have dragged ardent Sophie Parker off the *Wessex*. From that moment on the educator was in the grip of passion long deferred and was quite useless as a chaperone and disciplinarian.

We may quote from Capt. Bolling's 43-page report of the voyage to the owners and the Maritime Board, which was introduced as evidence at his trial later that year:

"Dr. Parker, in whom I hoped to repose confidence, proved a frail reed when the going got rough. Although nominally in charge of the young ladies who caused the havoc aboard the *Wessex*, she persisted in the delusion that I was sentimentally interested in her. This made her impossible to deal with. Indeed, she was a major concern to me during the sixty-five-day ordeal."

**T**HE ship's itinerary included Cuba, Trinidad, Lisbon, Cherbourg, Cairo, Bombay, Melbourne, Honolulu, San Francisco, New Orleans and back to New York.

The gleaming white liner had barely sailed past Ambrose Light when Capt. Bolling received the first inking of the kind of trouble he was in for.

A white-faced steward, lipstick smudges on his face and uniform, hurried up to the bridge and quavered: "Sorry, sir, but you're urgently needed in the doctor's quarters. It's—it's just terrible, Captain, they've got Dr. Harris down and they won't let him up."

"Who are 'they,' Simpkins? Come, come, man! This is most irregular. We haven't even dropped the pilot yet and you're bothering me with nonsense."

But when Bolling entered the combined office-and-surgery of Dr. Joseph Harris, a pink-cheeked recent medical graduate from

(Continued on page 64)

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Northwestern University, he blanched and wondered what section of the book, "Codes and Procedures of the Sea," might cover such a contingency as this.

Young Dr. Harris, imprisoned on his operating table by three bosomy girls, watched helplessly as five others, singing boisterously, passed around beakers of a colorless fluid which they downed like practiced barflies.

"Ladies," he cried, "that's my medicinal alcohol! You have no right to barge in here and drink it. What if I need it during an emergency? We have operations at sea—people get sick, you know—"

His voice trailed off in a giggle as a Miss Ginger Sinzheimer, tawny and wild at 19, tickled the prone man and said thickly: "Come on, Doctor, give me some love medicine. Little Ginger is feeling kind of low. Maybe she's sick."

Little Ginger was drunk.

Bolling reached out and spun her around like a top. Arms flailing, he waded into the other girls who were holding Dr. Harris down, and in a moment the cabin was resounding with the screams and curses of indignant college girls.

Ginger, who had landed on her posterior, got unsteadily to her feet and rubbed her bruised flesh. "Ouch, that hurt, damn you! What right do you have to treat us this way, Captain?"

The captain's voice, normally pleasant and low, became a roar which could be heard above a southwester. "Get out of here, you idiotic young women! Foster! Getts! Jimpson! In here—on the double! Throw these girls out!"

The stewards hurried in dutifully, armed with dust mops, rolled-up newspapers and umbrellas. Though they kicked, bit and scratched the men, the ardent and tipsy girl students were at last ejected from the surgery. The shaken Dr. Harris, object of the violent love attack, got up stiffly from the operating table and poured himself the last three ounces of his remaining bottle of medicinal alcohol.

"What have we let ourselves in for, Captain?" he groaned.

"Just sixty-four more days, Doctor," Bolling replied evenly. "Are you a man or a weakling? I'm going to need all the help I can get on this voyage, so buck up. Remember, Harris, I depend on you."

On the second day out a storm kept most of the girls confined to their cabins. Capt. Bolling, no admirer of bad weather, for once was grateful for rough seas and pelting rain.

"It will give me time to get my bearings and warn the crew about these passengers," he told First Officer Michaels. Even as the liner pitched, he had the purser run off a stern mimeographed warning to all ship's personnel:

"Under no circumstances is any crew member to fraternize with the women passengers. If liquor is found on the persons or in the cabins of the young women aboard the *Wessex*, I am to be notified at once. For the remainder of the voyage the bar in the lounge will be closed. Any crewman found in the cabin of a female passenger, for any purpose whatever, will incur immediate disciplinary action and will be reported to the Maritime Board.

I shall be available at any time to officers and crew should any problems or complications with these women arise which call for executive decision."

It was a fine statement but, as matters turned out, Capt. Bolling—had he the wisdom of a Solomon and the cunning of a leopard—could not have coped with the problems which arose.

There was the business of the distress rockets, for example. Normally stored in a padlocked chest in the chart room, the rockets mysteriously found their way into the possession of Miss Francine Teegleman from Cincinnati, whose daddy was important in the steel business. The demure Francine, who wore braids which made her look younger than her 18 years, had a liquor capacity which would excite the envy of a Bowery lush.

At 10 p.m. on the night of April 19 a lookout aboard the British aircraft carrier *Dunellen Sands* sounded an alarm: "Ship in distress off the port bow!"

Abruptly changing the carrier's course, Capt. C. H. Hesketh-Jennings of the Royal Navy bore down on the *S.S. Wessex* which was twelve nautical miles distant at the time the first Very Light was sighted.

Heaving to, the *Dunellen Sands* made radio contact with the American vessel and the anxious Capt. Hesketh-Jennings informed Capt. Bollings: "Standing by to send rubber dinghies and small boats. Have contacted the Italian merchantman *Julio Petrelli*, the German liner *Bremen*, and the *S.S. Gotthelf* out of Stockholm, all in these waters. Help is on the way."

When he got this perplexing message, Capt. Bolling swore and hurried topside in his bathrobe. When he reached the lido deck he spotted pretty Francine, clad in shorts and a bra, standing in the No. 6 lifeboat—still on its davits—and shooting more rockets and Very Lights into the night sky.

"Whoops, it's better than the 4th of July!" exulted the steel heiress. "In fact, it's better than the 4th of July and Christmas, too. Hey, you," she said to the ashen Capt. Bolling, "got a match? I've got one more rocket to shoot off, buster."

He carried her, biting and kicking, from the lido deck to Dr. Parker's cabin, where he proceeded to read the riot act to the educator who had dreamed up the "educational" tour.

"I must warn you, madam, these young women will have to behave or I will radio the owners in Italy and ask permission to turn the *Wessex* about and return to New York!"

But Dr. Parker, her graying locks in curlers and a mud pack on her craggy features, was edging toward Capt. Bolling with something more than scholarly interest in her eyes. Hastily he backed out of her cabin and almost ran to his own quarters, bolting the door with wet fingers.

"Thank God," he muttered, "I escaped from that witch."

He picked up the phone and ordered the radio operator to send a message to the circling ships. "Explain that it was all a mistake. Blame it on a new cabin boy who had a lark. But in the name of Davy Jones, don't intimate that we're hav-

(Continued on page 66)



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ing trouble with our passengers!"

He hung up despondently and turned off the cabin light, returning to his bed.

"What in the bloody hell are you doing in my bed?" he bellowed in the darkness as his foot felt a bare and soft leg and his nostrils caught the scent of Chanel No. 5.

Bolling reached for the flashlight on his night table and turned it on the amused features of Miss Ginger Sinsheimer.

"I want you to see my bruise, Captain," she drawled. "After all, you caused it, shoving me like that in the doctor's cabin." She opened her arms to receive the incredulous master of the *S.S. Wessex*.

"Don't be a dope, Bolling. I like a man who can handle his women. That bruise means something to me. Would you like to do it again, or do you have any ideas of a more pleasant nature?"

To his credit as a male, if to his debit as a skipper, Harold Bolling sighed and switched off the torch, bending down to meet the lips of the trembling Ginger.

"As you blooming Yanks say, if you can't lick 'em, join 'em! For tonight anyway, my lass!"

WHEN the ship dropped anchor at Havana Capt. Bolling, realizing that anything might happen to ruin his good name if he turned the girls loose in the lusty capital, posted a sign which read:

Passengers will not go ashore by order of the Havana Board of Health. Smallpox is epidemic in the city.

The students grumbled, wept, and a few had temper tantrums, for Havana was a key stopover on their itinerary. But Bolling knew the meaning of hot cargo. He wasn't taking any chances on mixing these high-octane American minxes with equally volatile Latin swains.

Although Dr. Parker showed some educational movies on soil conservation in the main lounge that night, the girls boycotted the film and sulked in their cabins.

In Trinidad Bolling couldn't use the same strategy and had to allow the whooping girls to go ashore. He stood at the rail and glumly watched 167 gay and excited young things hurry down the gangplank for a night on the town. Bolling had dark visions of riots, mass rapes, arrests and notoriety for his ship.

Therefore he was pleasantly surprised twenty-four hours later to receive the assurance from First Officer Michaels that every passenger was safely back on the *Wessex*. Relaxed for the first time since leaving New York, Capt. Bolling almost whistled gaily as he gave the order to hoist anchor and head to sea for the transatlantic crossing to Lisbon.

When the *Wessex* was well out in the Atlantic Capt. Bolling sat down at his desk to write the day's entries in the ship's log. Suddenly he frowned and looked around uneasily. He listened intently. Yes, by the great Harry, calypso music was coming from the ventilator!

"What the hell are those girls up to now?" he wondered.

Suddenly there was a sharp whistle up the speaking tube; it was First Officer Michaels with a new tale of woe. "There's music and quite awful ditties on every deck

and in the cabins, sir, but we can't tell where it's coming from. Can you come topside right away?"

By following the calypso strains emanating from the cabin and gangway ventilators, Bolling and Michaels prowled from deck to deck, listening, whispering, getting closer to the source of the bawdy lyrics.

"It's coming from the engine room, sir."

"No, man, you're daft. I say it's in the galley."

They were both wrong. Thirty minutes later the tired officers, by dint of hard detective work, came upon the source of the music. A Latin-American hoe down was in progress in the steam room of the ship's gymnasium.

Pushing their way into the hot and vaporous place, Capt. Bolling and Michaels groaned in unison. Some fifteen male musicians — stowaways — lean and bronzed youths from Trinidad, were thumping away on bongo drums, blowing harmonicas and rattling gourds. The captain glared balefully as he listened to one bold verse:

"Oh, de captain man  
Whose name is Bolling, Harold,  
Is a poker-faced man  
With a great desire—  
To bed down with our sweet young chicks!"

Forgetting his dignity, the enraged master sailed into the musicians, kicking over instruments, trying to stop them, and clouting the calypso artists with his balled-up fists. Twenty gay young women, who had stripped down to practically nothing in order to perform a wild dance in the steamy enclosure, yelped with pleasure to this diversion and flung themselves on Capt. Bolling.

First Officer Michaels, turning cowardly, fled before this onslaught and sought reinforcements.

While the Trinidad musicians laughed gleefully and thumped the bongos even louder, improvising new and more suggestive lyrics, the college girls peeled Bolling down to his balbriggan underwear.

The Englishman forgot he was a captain and a gentleman. He now took hefty swings at his tormentors, occasionally connecting with a girl's chin, buttocks or stomach. But for every girl who went down, there was a new vixen who leaped on his back and tore at his underwear. One even gave him a hotfoot with a match, causing Bolling to dance around in agony.

The party was broken up at last by ten husky crewmen who used fire hoses to disperse the yelling girls and the happy calypso singers.

Unfortunately, an oiler named Olaf Svendsen, a massive blond man in dungarees, had conceived a great passion for Winnie Sue Albright. This pert and daring college sophomore had encouraged the oiler, who knew just a few words of English, to make love to her one night in the No. 3 hold.

When Svendsen, one of the hose wielders, saw his Winnie Sue dancing almost bare to the sensual lyrics of a musician named Hernandez, the big, inarticulate Viking went wild. Aiming his fire hose at Hernandez, he drove the gasping, sputtering musician up on deck.

"Svendsen—enough! Return to your engine room!" Capt. Bolling roared.

Olaf paid no attention. His blue eyes narrowed to slits, he snarled: "You—singing fool—you—no-good man—from Trinidad. Make fool—of Olaf Svendsen."

Reeling under the force of the 40-pound hose torrent, Hernandez lost his footing on the slippery deck and was washed into the scuppers. Four sailors wrestled with Svendsen, trying to seize the hose from him. He shook them away as a horse twitches flies from its withers.

There was a scream from Hernandez, cries from the frightened girl spectators, and the slim, half-naked musician, still clutching his guitar, was pushed under the deck rail by the high-pressure stream. He tumbled into the sea head-first.

Capt. Bolling ordered the ship halted. Boats were lowered at once to look for the unfortunate musician. But the water was choppy and the man, who couldn't swim, had disappeared. Boat No. 4, the last to return to the *Wessex*, brought in Hernandez's guitar which sailors had found bobbing on a wave. It was an ironic reminder of a hectic afternoon.

Olaf, moody but unresisting, was shackled and placed in the ship's brig. Capt. Bolling ordered an urgent radio message sent to the ship's owners in Naples:

"Complete disorder aboard *Wessex*. Young women out of control and not amenable to discipline. One man dead after regrettable incident. Further disorders likely. Asking permission to return to New York."

But to Signor Alessandro Uvaldi in Naples, managing director of the line, Bolling's plea was the height of economic folly. Give up \$150,000 in passage money when the depression had made the company shaky indeed? Never! Back came a radiogram to the *Wessex*:

"Permission refused. Stay on course. If you can't handle inoffensive American college girls, will find a captain who can."

IN Lisbon and Cherbourg the girls scattered throughout the cities, and the voyage was delayed two days while Bolling and other officers combed the hotels, dives and bars, rounding up protesting young women, paying police fines for them, and hustling them back to the ship in taxis, private cars, and even trucks.

Dr. Parker, simpering and fawning on the captain, was no help at all. She ignored the girls and concentrated on Bolling, sending him such gifts as a fine razor set, a cigar humidor and a volume of love poems suitably inscribed.

Once, returning from the radio room, he found her in his cabin clad in a negligee which did little for her skinny, angular figure. Backing off in alarm, Bolling was pounced on by the woman, who murmured amazing endearments and proposals. He escaped by saying they were in a danger zone and he was needed on the bridge.

Ignoring the posted rules and regulations, the girls swarmed over the vessel,

(Continued on page 68)



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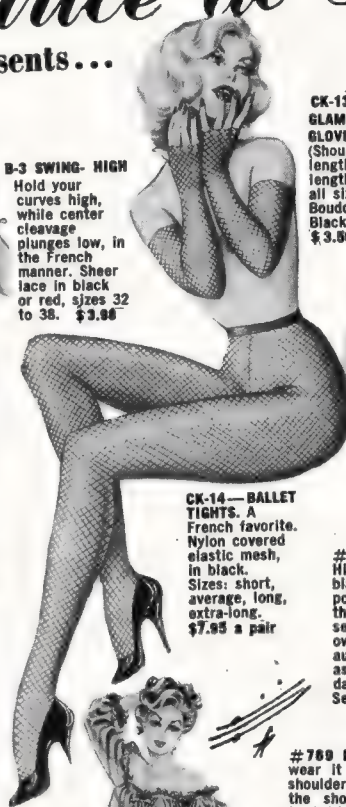


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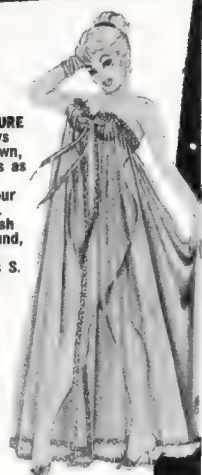
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leaving no cabins, storerooms, decks or holds unexplored. On one occasion the captain was startled when the ship's engines droned to a halt and the *Wessex* wallowed in the Indian Ocean without power.

Investigating, he found complete chaos in the engine room. Eight girls who had broken into the locked bar in the ship's lounge were engaged in high jinks with the engineers and stokers.

The chief engineer, a Scot named McLeod—for ten years a quiet, pipe-smoking type—was found in a tool closet cuddling with a girl named Nancy Prescott of the North Carolina Prescotts, prominent in cotton and tobacco.

"Put Mr. McLeod in the brig!" Capt. Bolling said wearily. "Hastings, you will take over now. You're the new chief. Prove yourself, man, and get these women out of here!"

In Bombay a Hindu customs inspector came aboard for a routine check of luggage. He left the *Wessex* nine hours later, minus his turban and trousers, and told a weird tale of being held in a stateroom while five girls compelled him to submit to them. One was armed with a kitchen knife, while another held a broken and jagged whisky bottle to his throat.

His superior, a handsome young Briton named Mumford, went aboard the *Wessex* to see for himself if his inspector's fantastic story could possibly be true. Peering into a cabin resounding with feminine yells and laughter, Mumford was taken captive by the merry-makers. The girls proceeded to disrobe him, from his twill jacket to his argyle socks.

Later the embarrassed customs official was thrown into the harbor, where he was picked up by a government cutter and taken to his office, still in his wet underwear.

His bitter complaints about conditions aboard the *Wessex*—which the *Bombay Times* called "this sex-drenched playpen for spoiled American child-women"—led to demands in marine circles for an investigation of the frolicsome around-the-world trip.

In time Washington became nervous and our State Department urged its consuls abroad to persuade Capt. Bolling to disband the tour in the interests of sound international relations. He was more than happy to relay such requests to the owners of the *Wessex*. Each time the radioed response was: "No, stay on course!"

On the 49th day of the voyage Capt. Bolling went over the roster of the ship's personnel, making red check marks next to the names of men who had proved susceptible to youth, beauty and the opportunity for untrammelled sexual romps aboard the *Wessex*.

"There are few men we can rely on, Mr. Michaels," he said grimly. "We have sixty-one crew members. But only twenty haven't been in some scrape or other with these wenches. Do you think we'll ever land in New York and get these women off the ship?"

Michaels, a 30-year-old bachelor whose sole passion was stamp-collecting, studied the list and said: "We'll make it, sir. You can always count on me."

At 3:02 a.m. on June 5 Capt. Bolling

again was aroused from uneasy slumber by the sharp whistle of the speaking tube. It was Jenks, the purser, calling.

"Excuse me, sir, but you must come at once. It's Mr. Michaels. Those little devils are shooting dice for him, Captain!"

"What? Not Michaels! My God, this is too much. I'll be right up."

When the captain made his way to Cabin 102 on B deck he learned that the situation, if anything, was worse than he had been told. Sitting miserably on a bunk, tied by lamp cords and guarded by a young woman named Taffy McKeown, who held a table leg menacingly close to his head, First Officer Michaels sweated and groaned as he watched the damndest crap game ever held on the high seas. Four young ladies from Miss Parker's school, on their knees, were shouting and cursing at each tumble of the cubes.

"Come on, baby!"

"Make a point—raid the joint!"

"Just be patient, daddy. I'll win you yet!"

Bolling was known as a calm and brave man by fellow mariners. But when the girls saw him now and a shout went up: "Get the skipper, let's play for him, too!" he decided enough was enough.

"You're on your own, Michaels! It's every man for himself now!"

Bolling forgot his dignity and ran through a gangway and up the steps of a hatch, nimbly ducking the pursuing girls, terror mounting in his heart as they gained on him. He had visions of being marooned on a giant bed, mauled over and fought for by a dozen jabbering schoolgirls. The prospect was appalling.

He made the safety of his cabin and slammed the door shut, bolting it just in time. Outside the girls clawed at the door, begging for admittance.

Bolling sat shivering, sipping scotch, a desperate man. He didn't know that salvation was just 56 minutes away.

**I**T was 9:22 p.m. In a calm sea, with a light westerly wind blowing, the *Wessex* made a steady 22 knots on its third day out of Melbourne, Australia. Suddenly there was a hollow thud, a rasping and scraping on the starboard side, the jangle of bells and men's worried voices.

Bolling grabbed the tube and said: "Captain here. What's up? What did we hit?"

"Don't know yet, sir. Jetsam of some kind. Can't say how bad it is."

Hurrying topside, Bolling ordered powerful floodlights switched on and discerned the object the *Wessex* had struck. It was a huge abandoned floating wood platform used by Japanese fishing fleets for towing nets and catches. The wood was encrusted with barnacles and had been in the water a long time.

"How are the plates, Mr. Carter? Have your men inspected the No. 5, 6 and 7 holds at once."

There was a wailing sound from the lido deck and Dr. Parker, her stringy hair virtually standing on end, moaned: "Oh, we're all going to drown, I know it! The ship is sinking. My poor girls!"

Behind her about twenty of her students, not cocky now, huddled together and looked with scared young eyes at



Capt. Bolling.

Mr. Carter and the new chief engineer, Hastings, hurried to the captain. "No damage to speak of, sir. Very minor. We can proceed full steam ahead."

Dr. Parker was yelling louder now. The girls were sobbing. Bolling surveyed the frightened women with the hostility of a man who has been sandpapered by fate beyond endurance.

"Hennessy!" he bawled. The radio operator came running. "Send an SOS, man. Give our position to all ships. Ready the lifeboats, you men."

Mr. Carter and the chief engineer were speechless. "But, sir, we're quite all right—"

"I'm in command. And I say we're sinking. Now, shut up, chaps!"

At 2:14 a.m. the S.S. *Madonna*, a 6,000-ton reefer carrying Australian meat, hove into sight. And at 5:16 a.m., just as dawn was breaking, the *Empress of the Pacific*, a Cunarder, appeared on the horizon.

Lifeboats from the *Wessex* carried Dr. Parker and 167 terrified girls to the waiting rescue vessels. In vain the puzzled captains flashed messages to the skipper of the *Wessex*.

"Your ship looks as sound as a Yankee dollar, Capt. Bolling," signaled the skipper of the *Empress*. "What makes you think you're in danger?"

But at this happy moment on his almost deserted ship—now inhabited only by crewmen—Capt. Bolling didn't bother to reply. He went to his cabin and stretched out for a nap. It was blissful—just the sound of the engines starting up, ready to resume the long voyage home.

On December 3, 1930 Capt. Harold Bolling was tried in Admiralty Court in London on a charge of "malfeasance and misfeasance while in command of the S.S. *Wessex*." Specifically he was accused of sending a willful and spurious SOS to relieve himself of unwanted passengers who were transferred to the "rescue" ships.

Upon advice of maritime lawyers, Bolling entered a plea of *nolo contendere* and his master's papers were taken from him for two years. After that Capt. Bolling dropped from sight and the major sea lanes knew him no longer.

Then, in 1944, fire broke out on an ammo ship which was in convoy in the South Pacific. The skipper was heard to make an odd remark to the Royal Navy lieutenant who served as gunnery officer aboard the vessel.

"Bad as it is, this trip is heaven compared to a voyage I made some years ago. Really, I must tell you about it some time, Lieutenant," said this captain whose name was Bolling.

He never had his chance to reminisce. The fire ate deeply into the ammunition holds and in the resulting explosion the skipper and six crewmen perished.

After the war, when he remembered the rugged months at sea, the lieutenant often wondered what kind of voyage could have been worse than the final wartime trip of Capt. Bolling, whose ship blew up under his feet.

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## EGYPT'S BEST KEPT SECRET

(Continued from page 27)

despite his enormous girth and almost bald head which was topped by a fez. His moon face puckered with disdain as he inspected Cherek and his brothers, who bowed low in their tattered *keffijes*.

"You are Hajji Cherek, the snake handler?" the fat caller asked in a high-pitched, querulous voice.

"Yes, Your Majesty. It is a great honor to receive Egypt's ruler, day or night. You want a snake, I presume, for some worthy purpose, sire?"

The two officers who had accompanied playboy King Farouk on this May night in 1951 glanced uneasily at each other. This villager knows too much already; could he suspect something, they asked each other wordlessly.

Farouk lit a cigar and said impatiently: "Of course I want a snake. Why else would I come to this hellhole? I need a cobra to present to the Melbourne, Australia zoo. It is to be a gift from the people of Egypt. They are sending us a wallaby or some such beast."

Cherek eyed his monarch with amusement. He smirked and jangled the keys to the reptile house. "Yes, Your Majesty, I understand perfectly. Come this way, please. I have just the cobra for you. Quite deadly."

Farouk trembled at this last remark. He stepped back hastily. "No, I—er—I don't want to see your damned snakes. Major Selem and Captain Tewfik will go with you and get the cobra."

As Cherek and the dissolute ruler's aides went down the muddy street to a block-long windowless structure—the largest building in Abu Rawash—Farouk surveyed the ragged people who had crowded around his car although it was 2 a.m.

To amuse himself he threw handfuls of piasters in the dust and guffawed as the people fought one another for the coins. One girl did not scramble for the money, or even bother to pick up the piasters which he tossed at her bare feet. She was a lissome thing, about 17, hot-eyed and full-bosomed. Her skirt, just an old scrap of calico, was ripped. The sensual king got a glimpse of bare white thigh in the moonlight.

His spirits soared. He forgot the deadly mission which had brought him to the city of snakes. Girls could drive any problem of statecraft or of a personal nature from pleasure-loving Farouk's mind.

He had his pick of Paris showgirls, British countesses, the finest harlots of Berlin and New York. But this slim and haughty pauper appealed to him.

"What is your name, little one?" he demanded, taking a five-pound bank note from his monogrammed wallet and waving it temptingly in his pudgy fingers.

The girl had spirit. It glowed in her young face, which was finely-molded with

the look of ancient beauties seen carved on Egyptian sarcophagi.

Farouk's desire for her was great. His eyes roamed over her from head to toe, taking in her bosom, her small waist, her shapely legs.

"I am Mira, a newcomer to this village," she said, extending her hand for the money. But a quick brown male hand shot out of the darkness and clamped hard on her wrist. She moaned. A youth of 20 or so, also clad in a cheap *keffije*, emerged into the car's headlights.

He held himself proudly erect and looked like the king Farouk should have been. "I am sorry, she cannot accept money, Your Majesty. Take it back, please."

"Damn it, who are you?"

"Yussuf, her betrothed. We are to be married after the Feast of Ramadan."

Before Farouk could ask other questions, the two army officers returned. Between them they carried a heavy gunny sack. Cherek followed, counting his money and murmuring praise of the large cobra which threshed furiously in the sack. They loaded the snake into the trunk compartment of the limousine. Farouk, edgy and fearful, looked at the lovely Mira and her hard-eyed fiancé as they drove away.

"It is a vile village and a blot on our country," the king said. "But you will return here, Major, and bring the girl Mira to me. How a flower like that can grow in such a dung heap will always be a mystery. But I can do things for her in Cairo!"

Two nights later Mademoiselle Irmgard Griller, the Belgian soprano, had finished her concert and stood receiving the applause of the house at the Ar Rifal Theater. Cairo fans gave the singer a standing ovation.

She was a shapely, somewhat sharp-featured young woman, and her eyes darted to the royal box in search of King Farouk. No king. He had not shown up to-night, and he had not been around for the past three days.

Disgusting, she told herself. Here I give myself to that fat man, he buys me a few trinkets, and he thinks he can discard me. Well, he'll learn a lesson! My lawyers in Brussels will inform him how much it costs to tamper with my affections. I should get at least three million francs for a broken heart.

At her dressing table later she was pleasantly occupied thinking about this handsome sum when her attention was drawn to something black protruding from a bathrobe lying over a chair.

"Vivienne!" the nearsighted singer called to her maid. "What is that old black slip lying out for? Put it away at once."

But the maid, stealing a little time in the hall to flirt with a stagehand, did not reply. Annoyed, Mlle. Griller got up and walked over to the chair. The black "slip" suddenly reared up and spread itself. She saw a hood, a weaving sinuous neck and malevolent lidless eyes as the dark death's head swooped low and the snake's fangs sank into her thigh.

On the following morning the Cairo newspaper *Izmir* printed an inconspicuous item on page 4 saying that the Belgian star, Irmgard Griller, had been found dead in her dressing room, the victim of

a cobra.

"The reptile, coiled atop her trunk, was shot in the head by Mohmud Ben Nisi, a janitor at the theater. It is thought that the snake crept into a ventilator and found its way to the star's dressing room seeking warmth and light," the story reported.

But Cairo society, the most gossipy bunch in the world, buzzed with speculation that somebody had planted the snake in her room.

*Izmir's* society columnist, a roguish little man named Melli, foolishly wrote: "How is it that an obscure girl named Mira, a bedraggled wench from Abu Rawash, the city of snakes, is now ensconced in the royal palace? How odd that a cobra should kill our monarch's great and good friend, La Griller, and then a girl from the unspeakable town of Abu Rawash should supplant the singer in the affections of Farouk!"

This unwise speculation in print had grim consequences for poor Melli. He was fired from the paper, and two mornings later his body was found at the Bab-al-Futuh, the Gate of Conquests. It was mutilated from scalp to toes.

"That silly Melli should have held his tongue or sold his typewriter!" smart Egyptians whispered.

**E**VEN today under Nasser it isn't wise to mention or even ask about the existence of the snake city, Abu Rawash, for the government is oddly self-conscious about the sinister village. Privately officials will tell you they hope to convert it from a one-industry town—reptiles—to a farming community or an industrial suburb of Cairo.

But the people of Abu Rawash, currently headed by a grizzled oldster named Treffa Cherek, will have none of that.

"Our fathers and our grandfathers were trainers and merchants of snakes," a younger Cherek told this writer. "If the government insists on changing us to something else, they will be sorry. We have a snake for every soldier they will send here!"

Foreigners in the country who express interest in going to Abu Rawash receive blank stares or tolerant smiles from clerks at the tourist offices.

"That town is a myth and does not exist," a beady-eyed man at the Hotel Waf Nedi told me when I inquired. "Now, let me arrange a nice excursion to Heliopolis where you can see the races, sir."

But money talks.

I paid a bellboy 300 piasters and he produced an old Ford pickup truck which took me to the town the next morning. It was a sun-baked, scrofulous place of about twenty-five city blocks, with one main street and many low one-story houses which were just ancient hovels formed of mud and clay.

"*Yateen massaree b'shane*—alms for the poor!" screeched an old woman. She thrust a wicker basket at my face and I threw her some coins. I noted her dry and wrinkled hands were covered with needle-like punctures, some festering and scabbed.

"She too is a Cherek," said my guide. "The old woman handles snakes and soothes them, so customers may safely inspect the merchandise. That is why she

(Continued on page 74)



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gets bitten so much. But everybody knows a snake cannot harm a Cherek."

Abu Rawash has almost 3,000 people. All, more or less, are occupied with breeding, taming and selling poisonous reptiles. It is a sour-smelling place of evil repute, with curling, sinuous death lurking in every basket, in crates, outbuildings and in virtually every hut. In the main snake house, a stone structure almost a block long, are thousands of reptiles which are community-owned and tended.

To this hidden city, where even the children fondle mambas, bushmasters and the dreaded fer-de-lance, come buyers from all over the world. Let Egypt officially deny the city's existence—these visitors know better!

Circus owners send their scouts to dick-er for boa constrictors, pythons, anacondas and other showy specimens. Pharmaceutical houses dispatch their agents to obtain cobras, coral snakes and other kinds in order to extract venom for antitoxins.

The first unfavorable press notices about the town were printed in 1863 after a Major Hastings Beddoe, a Confederate officer from Georgia, appeared in Abu Rawash on a bizarre military mission. He had a mad scheme which he hoped would cause the end of the Civil War and victory for the South in a single stroke.

"If we could just turn loose some specially-trained snakes in the White House, snakes which would seek out and kill a man, one of them might bite the Yankee President Lincoln and our troubles would be over. The war would end on our terms," he wrote to a friend in America.

Who gave the major money for his trip to Egypt is not known. Historians deny that Jefferson Davis or any other official of the Confederacy authorized Beddoe's wild venture. But this much is known: he paid old Fewzi Cherek, grandfather of the present heir apparent to the post of head man, 200 pounds sterling for six deadly cobras.

Beddoe traveled with his snakes in covered wire cages from Cairo to London. There he booked passage on the *Elise Gay*, a clipper bound for Savannah. The vessel encountered heavy seas and plowed into a gale. She wallowed for a time in mast-high waves, while everything movable on the ship rolled and skittered and smashed to pieces.

When the ocean calmed, seamen opened Major Beddoe's locked cabin and found him blue and stiff in death. He was sitting upright in a chair with a look of horror on his drawn features. The ship's doctor found numerous fang marks on his neck, chest and ankles.

A porthole was open. It was believed that the snakes, escaping from their cages which were smashed during the storm, had swarmed over Major Beddoe, caused his death, then departed the ship via the open window.

Thus, Abu Rawash first came to the attention of the world. People were horrified, then the town lapsed into obscurity once more.

**T**HE next splurge of headlines occurred in 1896 when the New York stage beauty, Lillian Russell—who made the hourglass figure a symbol of female allure

—met a French count who fell hopelessly in love with her.

This wealthy and ill-starred suitor was a hunchback, a bearded spider of a man named Aristide Jablon. Cross-eyed and short in one leg, the little count flinched at the scornful words of the famous star:

"I would as soon marry a snake as a man like you! Don't you know that you are impossibly ugly, sir?"

Jablon brooded over these cruel words. His infatuation was supplanted by a maniacal hatred for the popular actress. A world traveler and scholar, he had heard about Abu Rawash and its serpents.

"If she wants a snake, I shall hand-pick a good one for her!" he told friends. "It shall be glossy, beautiful and dangerous."

It was Jablon's intention to send Miss Russell an asp, either through the mails or by special courier. When the snake bit her she would die and he would be avenged for her affront.

But it didn't pan out that way.

The ugly Frenchman didn't get his revenge. In fact, he never returned to Europe. The hunchbacked lover hadn't reckoned with one factor—his crossed eyes. The average Egyptian *fellah*, an unlettered, superstitious peasant, regards such eyes as the special trademark of evil spirits.

"He will remain here as our captive until we think of a suitable way to counteract the spell his eyes have caused," decreed Ibrahim Cherek, the town's head man that year. "Such a person would cause our snakes to die, our mothers' milk to curdle, he is so revolting."

They kept poor Jablon lashed to an iron cot in a room crawling with nonpoisonous serpents. But the Frenchman didn't know this. Each time a reptile slithered over his pitiful little body, the misshapen lover would howl in fright.

At night the villagers looked through a peephole at his crossed eyes, glazed with madness by now, and muttered worriedly about the fate that would befall Abu Rawash if he weren't disposed of soon.

In the fall of that year the body of a grotesque little man was found in a dry wadi by a party of Egyptian cavalymen who had visited the snake city to demand taxes from the sullen residents.

Jablon was even uglier in death than in life. The nobleman had been stripped of his clothes and every bone in his twisted body had been broken, as if he had been crushed by a python—which indeed had been his fate.

Intensive questioning of the Cherek clan elicited the explanation that "the little monster with the sign of bad spirits in his eyes" had threatened the health, solvency and very lives of the villagers. Accordingly, he had been thrown into a pit with a python, which had been stirred to fury by men with sticks.

When the account of Jablon's death was cabled to Europe by a British correspondent, the French ambassador paid an official visit to the khedive and demanded that the count's killers be punished.

"You are mistaken, Excellency," said the court chamberlain with a poker face. "There is no such place as Abu Rawash. The correspondent invented it on a day when there was no news. Nor have we ever heard of your unfortunate missing

man."

The ambassador went home, puzzled and bewildered. And the Egyptian authorities slapped a ban on any mention of Abu Rawash in the press of that country which has lasted until the present time.

**I**N spite of the hostile and negative government attitude toward the snake city, a succession of Egyptian rulers and politicians were not averse to taking a profit from the town's commerce in reptiles.

High taxes were imposed on museum curators, circus men and snake dealers who bought the wriggly merchandise and carried it out of Egypt. If a reptile sells for \$100, the government takes \$85 in taxes and fees and the people of Abu Rawash can keep the remainder.

The Cherek dynasty in the town seems to be perpetual. Its male heads have always ruled with an iron hand.

In 1933 20-year-old Sidi Ben Cherek, impatient with life in his squalid community, decided to break away from the snakes and journeyed secretly to South Africa without the permission of the family elders.

Safe at the other end of the continent, he enrolled at Witwatersrand University and studied law. Ignoring letters from his family ordering him to return home, the young man diligently pursued his studies and within three years stood at the top of his law class.

On the eve of graduation a Boer youth, Heinrich Van Willen, Cherek's roommate, returned unexpectedly to their quarters and gasped as he beheld a terrible sight. Sidi Ben Cherek was sprawled on the floor with his arms and legs in a curious rigid position. His youthful dark face was contorted in agony. Sweat rolled in small rivers down his cheeks.

The boy couldn't speak. His eyes rolled piteously downward and Heinrich's glance went to the Egyptian's throat. A small trickle of blood came from two puncture marks above his Adam's apple. This rebellious Cherek died minutes later.

The university watchmen and a posse of students later found a mamba under a bed in one of the dormitories. They beat it to death with barrel staves.

"An accident, though snakes have never before been observed so close to the city or the college campus," the coroner ruled.

Back in Abu Rawash there were secret smiles. The courier who had delivered the snake was feasted until morning. For the long hand of the Cherek clan can reach a great distance to punish an errant or backsliding member.

The wrath of this large family, poor in worldly goods but powerful in Egypt nonetheless, is inexorable. In 1940, for example, a Cherek woman was cheated by a Cairo bazaar vendor who, she complained, didn't give her a full measure of dates for her three piasters.

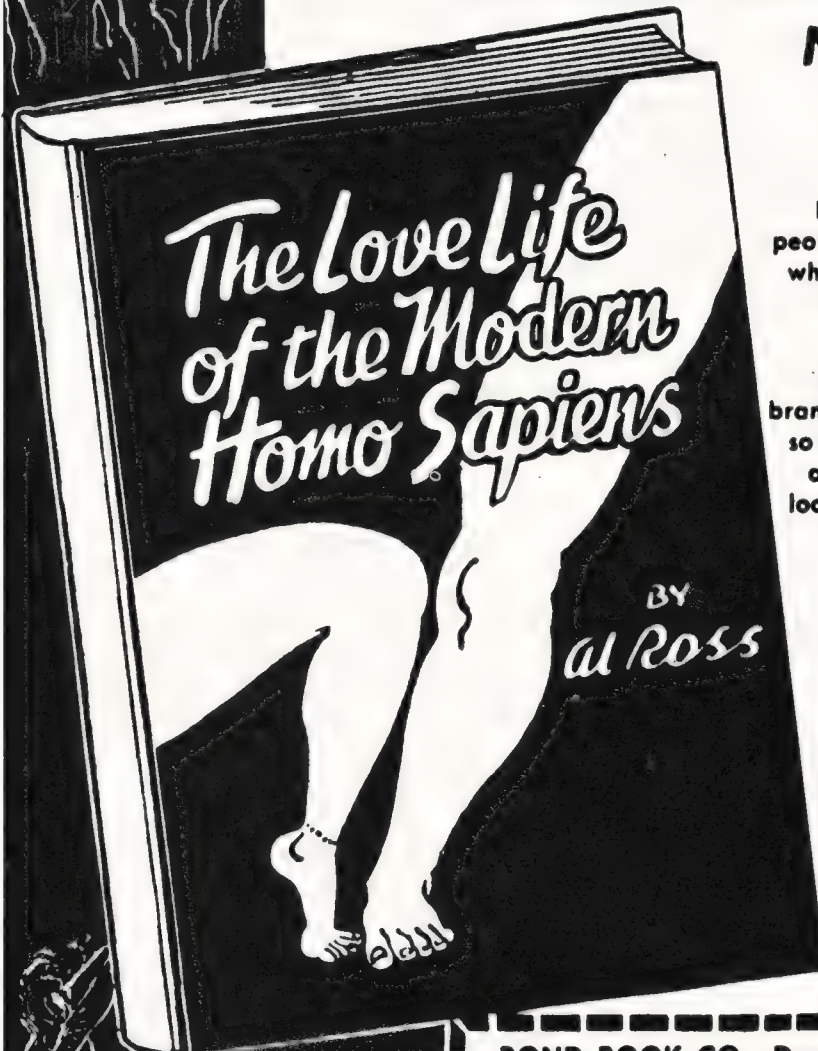
Returning to Abu Rawash, she told her story and Ahmed Cherek, a fiery cousin, shouted: "Is this the way they treat a Cherek on Mooski Street? We are of ancient lineage, not scum! The handling of snakes is an honorable profession, but the

(Continued on page 76)



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devils in Cairo regard us as swine. Let us teach them a lesson!"

Ahmed had willing volunteers. The residents of Abu Rawash practically emptied their pens and cages of eighty of the most deadly serpents. Loading this hissing freight into old flour sacks, they hauled the cargo of death in a cart to Cairo's busy Mooski Street. This is a throbbing lane of hundreds of bazaars, stalls, shops and cafes.

It proved to be a dreadful day.

Stealthily setting down their lethal merchandise amidst the copperware, vases, pastries, jewelry and gimcracks which lay jumbled on the sidewalk, the Chereks slit the sacks and quietly filed back to Abu Rawash.

The first person to be bitten by a fer-de-lance which had humped its way to the stall of Ali Ferkush, a rug dealer, was his 6-year-old daughter. In a moment the little girl's eyes bulged, her breath was labored. An unnatural blue pallor spread over her elfin face, her body was drenched with sweat. Unable to speak, she gestured numbly toward her ankle.

Ali Ferkush turned pale when he saw the twin punctures in the flesh above her socks. The girl died within twenty minutes. That night the grieving father threw himself from a bridge into the Nile and drowned.

As peddlers, children, shoppers and soldiers ran for cover and the news bubbled through Mooski Street that snakes were on the loose, pandemonium reigned in the great bazaar. Merchandise was overturned, frightened dogs bit the customers, and fires were started by narghils—water pipes—which were knocked over, sending glowing sparks into mounds of silks and calicos.

IN the brothel of "Big Mother" Yella Dholi, perhaps the best-known madam in the area, two long and thick fer-de-lances crept in through an open window. Two girls, naked and dusky Bedouin maidens not over 16, were in the room entertaining a burly British sailor.

Playfully, the half-drunk sailor had locked the door and tossed the key out of the window. But he was sober enough to recognize mortal danger when the two huge snakes silently dropped over the sill and onto the worn carpet.

"Help! Help!" shrieked one of the girls, running to the door and beating on it until her small fists were bloody smears. The other young harlot leaped onto the bed and from there scrambled onto the dresser top. She stood on her rickety perch, shaking.

One snake stayed near the window, as if on guard. The other fer-de-lance, 7 feet of menace, glided toward the merry-makers in the deathly still room.

Now the sailor and the girls began fighting with one another for the safety provided by the narrow dresser top. The sailor cursed and yanked the girl on the dresser by the ankle, pulling her to the floor.

"Let me up there, damn you! I'll kill you if you don't stay away!"

Awkwardly the terrified man clambered up on the furniture, eying the snakes in horror, while the two girls clawed frantically at his legs until they were crimson

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from deep scratches.

The snake near the window, now moving at a leisurely pace, slithered across the room and joined its mate before the dresser. Taking advantage of the suddenly clear path toward the window, the girls, though injured by the blows and kicks of the panicky seaman, managed to scramble over the window sill and drop into an awning below.

In the quiet room the sailor was trapped. One snake stayed on the rug, weaving rhythmically, spitting and sending its forked tongue out. The other fer-de-lance started a slow climb up the dresser, using the knobs and handles for leverage.

The sailor screamed, but his voice choked as the snake made the first pass. He felt needles in his toe and hot lava crept up his leg and into his groin, spreading out. He could feel it surging toward his heart—his chest—he couldn't breathe.

Dizzy, the sailor toppled from his perch and fell face-down on the floor. He was found with fang marks even in his back. And he was very dead.

It had been a 'shocking day on Mooski Street. Fourteen people were killed by snakes, two were trampled to death in the rush of the mob to safety, and almost a hundred were injured in the panic. Most of the reptiles were caught or shot within twenty-four hours, but nervous Egyptians gave the bazaar a wide berth for many months.

The greed of the date peddler who had cheated the Cherek woman had been avenged by her relatives in a big way.

In the middle of World War II a Hitler agent, Gerhard Paulus, on the staff of the formidable spymaster Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, sold his superior on the idea of dropping silver coins from aircraft on British cities. These coins would bring death to anyone who picked them up.

"We will hone down each coin to a fine edge, like this," explained Paulus, a professorial type with gray hair and a sharp nose. "The fine cutting edge of each shilling will be impregnated with cobra venom. I can get it in a place I have heard of—Abu Rawash."

Disguised as an Arab in a floppy *kefiye*, Paulus managed to slip through the British lines and in Cairo made a deal with a metalsmith to produce coins for him with razor-sharp edges. Then Paulus journeyed on foot to Abu Rawash. Here he paid 5,000 piasters for two liters of cobra venom, enough poison to kill 30,000 Britons.

"Now let me see your mambas, my friend," said the German, staring with admiration at a silver English coin he had dipped experimentally in venom before transferring it to a padded chamois pouch.

At this moment a village urchin, running under his legs, jarred the Nazi's hand and the sharpened shilling nicked his thumb.

"Quick—I've hurt myself, get a doctor—the poison!" he gasped.

There was no doctor in the village and there was no one inclined to set forth in the blazing sun to go to Cairo for medical aid. The spy died on a dirty mattress in a shed behind the main snake house of Abu Rawash. The Chereks shrugged indifferently. They had his money.

Back in Berlin Admiral Canaris was dis-

mayed that one of his best operatives should die so horribly through merest chance. "It is dangerous to tinker with snake poisons," he said. "Besides, our buzz bombs are making the British decidedly uncomfortable. Poor Paulus, we will have to shelve his project and concentrate on the missiles."

But Gerhard Paulus had proved to himself, at least, how well his idea worked.

IT was early December, 1951. In the palace at Cairo the fat and sensual king—whose pornography collection was valued at 200,000 pounds—chuckled as he unwrapped a new and shocking tapestry from France.

It depicted two woodland satyrs doing unspeakable things with a bevy of forest nymphs. "I must show it to little Mira," he mused. "She is still a crude girl from Abu Rawash despite the things I have taught her and the presents I have given her. But a scene like this may excite her, encourage her to try something new—"

He paused. His attention was taken by a coiled pile on top of a case of erotic books and small statues.

"What is that—a pile of rope?" he muttered.

But the rope moved with a rustling sound as the fat king drew near. He screamed and a guard ran up, throwing himself between the blimp-shaped Farouk and the black thing on the case. Eleven feet of bushmaster straightened out and struck at the guard's outstretched arm.

"Run, sire, it will kill you too!" the guard gasped just before he collapsed.

Farouk moved with lightning speed for a man of his weight and fled the hall which sheltered his collection of artistic filth. Trembling, he dashed into his private elevator and hurried to the boudoir where he had left Mira, once the betrothed of a proud young man named Yussuf.

"Mira—Mira, I must speak to you!" Farouk shouted. "Somebody from Abu Rawash has been in the palace. They left a snake downstairs—it was horrible!"

But that somebody had also been up in the boudoir.

Mira lay in her canopied bed. There was just a small bleeding mark on her left cheek. But one puncture by a bushmaster is enough.

The snake's poison had coursed through her body as she slept. The girl looked peaceful, undisturbed, as Farouk, yelping for his soldiers, bolted from the quiet chamber of love.

Down the rutted road which leads to Abu Rawash a slim young man, ragged but princely in his bearing, walked the long miles to his village. Oblivious of the heat and the sharp stones which cut his feet, Yussuf plodded on, carrying a gunny sack. There was something extremely heavy and wiggling inside.

He sang a tuneless little Arabic song and seemed at peace with himself. Mira always had liked that tune. But she hadn't loved him enough. Mira had gone to live with the fat king who could give her much.

Yussuf smiled wryly and said to himself: "I too am a Cherek on my mother's side. If we are insulted somebody pays."

Somebody always does.

THE END

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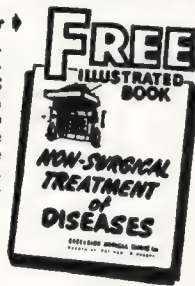
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## EVAN BRYANT: CONVICT KING OF BRAZIL'S PENAL ISLAND

(Continued from page 33)

want to kill the women, Henry?"

"That ain't what I had in mind, you dumb Limey."

"I know what you had in mind," Bryant said. "Now listen, all of you. We're going down now to pick up all the hostages we can. Concentrate on the guards' cottages—their wives and daughters. But bring them straight back here! There'll be plenty of time later for—relaxing."

The men laughed and nudged one another.

"If you can free any *condenados* and they want to come along, bring them. We need reinforcements."

Swiftly he detailed his men to their tasks. "Monteiro, take a couple of men to the punishment cells and turn loose whoever is in them. Alves, to the arsenal. We can use more guns. Cabral, you'll stay here with three men. Riggs and Livetti are coming with me to capture Teixeira."

"The *comandante*? Let me come with you, Bryant," begged Cabral, a barrel-chested Negro knife-fighter from Sao Paulo.

He had special reason to hate *Comandante* Carlos Freitas de Teixeira, the sadistic governor of Fernando de Noronha. Teixeira had once sentenced Cabral to 1,500 lashes, administered over a period of four days. Cabral would carry the scars to his grave.

"You stay here, Cabral. I want to take Teixeira alive," Bryant said firmly. "Now let's go. We've got to be back here before daylight. I'll personally shoot anyone who tries to get into the fort after them." Taking a rifle, he led the way out of the fort's gate.

Halfway down to the plateau on which stood the guards' cottages and the adobe huts that housed the 900 convict *condenados*, it began to rain. Bryant hadn't counted on the rain, though he should have. At this midocean spot 200 miles from the mainland and 230 miles south of the Equator, midnight squalls were an almost nightly occurrence. The leader of the mutiny welcomed this natural ally. Rain would drive the guards under cover and muffle the convicts' approach.

The groups of half-naked mutineers melted away into the wet darkness as they reached the plateau. Stealthily Bryant made his way toward the governor's house, which stood on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea. Behind him came Riggs and the little Italian, Franco Livetti, the two men Bryant counted on most to help keep the others in line.

They stopped a few yards from the darkened rambling building, crouching in the shadows of a dripping *jacaranda* tree.

"The guard should be on the veranda," Bryant whispered. "We can't risk having him around. Got your knife, Franco?" Grinning, Livetti held up a wicked-looking

homemade blade. "All right, go get him!"

Livetti slipped forward at a half-crouch, disappearing around the corner of the house. Seconds later the other two men heard a muffled grunt from the veranda and the clatter of the guard's rifle as it slipped from his hands. They dashed over. The guard was sprawled on his back on the porch, blood gushing from his slashed-open throat. Livetti was wiping his knife blade on the dead man's uniform.

Bryant eased open the front door and slipped into the house. He found a lantern on a cupboard, lit it, and stepped quickly to the door of the governor's room. Then, signaling Riggs to back him up, he flung it open. The bed had not been slept in and Teixeira wasn't there.

"The bastard's gone!" Riggs exclaimed. "Where do you suppose he is?"

Bryant wheeled and shouldered past him. He stepped over to the adjoining room and slowly opened the door, holding the lantern high. A girlish shriek greeted him. Carlotta de Teixeira, the *comandante's* 18-year-old daughter, was sitting upright in the bed, clutching a sheet in a vain attempt to cover the full, ripe breasts revealed by her flimsy cotton nightgown. From beneath her long, tousled blonde hair, black eyes stared at Bryant in terror. Then she recognized him.

"Evan! Querido! What are you doing here? My father—"

"Where is your father?" His voice was rough, not at all what Carlotta expected.

"He—he's gone to the Forte dos Remedios. He won't be back tonight." She lowered the sheet tantalizingly, her look of fright now replaced by an enticing smile. "We have until morning, *meu amor*. Come, take off those wet clothes. It's been so long. Evan—I've been waiting so long."

Suddenly she noticed the two grinning faces in the doorway behind Bryant. Her smile vanished and the sheet rose again.

"I'll bet you've been waiting, you miserable slut!" Bryant snarled. "Get out of that bed! You're coming with us."

Tears started in Carlotta's eyes. "Evan, what is this? Please, not in front of—of them."

For an answer he ripped the sheet from her clutching fingers. Without a word he reached to lift her out of bed. Carlotta shrank back against the wall. "No, Evan!"

His open hand slammed against her cheek. Then he pulled her out of the bed and slung her limp body effortlessly over his shoulder.

An hour later, with the rain still coming down in sheets, they rejoined the other mutineers in the Forte Sao Antonio. Most of the men had already returned. They were standing guard over a motley array of captured guards and a dozen women—wet, bedraggled and weeping—the wives and daughters of the island's officers. Thirty *condenados*, freed from the punishment cells, had also been brought along.

"Teixeira gave us the slip," Bryant said, putting Carlotta down. "We'll take care of him in the morning."

Cabral laughed. "But we've got his little pigeon instead. Well, she's just as good, maybe better. We can make her pay for her father's little games."

The rain had soaked Carlotta's thin nightdress, plastering the wet fabric to her

beautiful young body. She was as good as nude before the hungry, leering eyes of the mutineers.

Cabral stepped toward her, passing his tongue nervously over his lips in anticipation. "Well, *pequena*, let's get started," he said. His hamlike hand reached down to grasp the shoulder strap of her nightgown.

Bryant caught him by the shoulder and sent him whirling back. "Let her alone, Cabral! She's not to be touched!"

The big Brazilian stared at Bryant in surprise, his hand automatically seeking the knife at his belt. "What the hell are you talking about? This is Teixeira's daughter, remember? She belongs to all of us. We will decide what's to be done with her!"

He stepped up again. Bryant's hand flashed out suddenly, the barrel of his pistol slamming sickeningly against Cabral's skull. The Negro sagged, senseless, the knife clattering from his fingers.

Bryant shielded Carlotta's cringing, half-naked figure, holding the pistol threateningly. "I'll kill the first man who tries to touch her! Let's understand this right now—I give the orders here! Tonight Fernando de Noronha has two commanders—Teixeira and me. Tomorrow we will take Teixeira. That leaves me. And I run this island!"

Commanding tough men was no novelty to Evan Bryant. He had left his native Cardiff at an early age to go to sea, and by 1869, when he was only 21, he was already first mate of the Plymouth whaler *Tremadoc Bay* when she broke up in a storm off Argentina.

THE young redheaded Welshman drifted first to Buenos Aires and from there to Brazil. The Brazilian Empire was then in the last throes of a bitter, bloody war with Paraguay. Unable to find a berth aboard a vessel, Bryant offered his services to the Marquis de Caxias, commander of the army of Emperor Dom Pedro II. Bryant was commissioned a captain and fought through the last two years of the war, which ended with the Paraguayan defeat at the four-day battle of Pikysry.

Brazil was grateful for his wartime services, and Bryant was rewarded with a minor post in the foreign ministry. But Rio de Janeiro was a dull place for a young, brawny man of action, and after a time Bryant drifted northward toward the Amazon. There, in the bustling rubber port of Para, he met David Wickersham.

Wickersham was an Englishman, a rubber expert and a man with a mission. He wanted to break Brazil's world monopoly on rubber.

"Do you know, Bryant," he told the younger man when they'd known each other a few months, "that there is not a single rubber tree anywhere in the world but in Brazil?"

Bryant didn't know. He wasn't much interested in the black chunks of gummy substance which formed Para's—and Brazil's—chief export to the outside world. But as Wickersham explained his purpose, Bryant perked up his ears.

"Rubber trees are native only to Brazil," the Englishman continued. "But there's no reason why they couldn't be cultivated successfully elsewhere in a simi-

(Continued on page 80)



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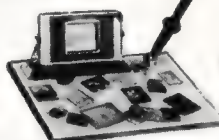
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lar climate. Malaya, for example."

Bryant couldn't suppress a knowing smile. Malaya was British territory. He could already guess what Wickersham would say next.

"Think of it, man. If we could set up rubber plantations in Malaya—plantations, mind you, not this silly Brazilian method of trekking into the jungle to find and tap the trees—we could beat Brazil at her own game in ten years! There's a fortune in it."

"Well, what's stopping you?" Bryant asked. "Why not uproot a few hundred seedlings and ship them off to Malaya?"

Wickersham studied him with a pitying smile. "Don't you really know? One of the strictest laws in Brazil prohibits the export of rubber tree saplings, seedlings or seeds. The penalty is ten years' hard labor for anyone caught with them."

"Ah, come off it, Mr. Wickersham! Surely with a little ingenuity a man could make off with—"

The Englishman was shaking his head. "Many have tried. They've all been caught."

It was not simply a matter of slipping the seeds into a pocket, he explained. They were delicate and had to be cared for. Brazilian customs men carefully searched all outbound ships for the tell-tale earthen pots in which smuggled rubber seeds would have to be planted to survive a long ocean voyage.

"Sounds like they've thought of everything," Bryant said.

Wickersham leaned back in his chair and lit a thin cigar. "Not quite. I have a plan."

The rubber expert's scheme was beautifully simple. He had arranged with certain friends in Para to slip rubber seeds into several hundred coconut husks, which were a common sight among the jungle debris carried out to sea on the Amazon's strong current.

"I intend to travel up to Cayenne, in French Guiana. There I will charter a ship and outfit it with the things necessary to nurture the seedlings. When I am ready I will sail for the mouth of the Amazon."

At the proper time Wickersham's accomplices in Para would set the coconut husks, containing the rubber tree seeds, adrift in the river, after marking them with machete cuts for identification.

"Clever," Bryant commented admiringly. "The husks float out to sea, you heave to and pick them up, and off you go to Malaya. But what about the Brazilian coastal patrols?"

"That's exactly where you come in, Bryant. To avoid the patrols I shall have to keep my ship beyond their territorial waters. That far out, the husks would be too widely dispersed. I need someone who understands tides and currents to man a small boat closer inshore and pick them up, then carry them out to the ship."

The young Welsh soldier of fortune considered the problem. "It's a risky business."

"I know," said Wickersham. "But I'll cut you in for a one-tenth share. Believe me, Bryant, with all the new industrial innovations in Europe and America, there's going to be a boom in rubber. Come in with me and within five years you'll be

worth millions. I guarantee it!"

Smiling, Evan Bryant stretched his hand across the table. "Mr. Wickersham, you've just bought yourself a partner."

On a steaming hot day a few months later the captain of a naval steam launch cruising off the mouth of the Amazon suddenly spotted a lone fishing boat dead ahead.

"I wonder what that *lunatico* is doing out here," he remarked to his helmsman, reaching for his telescope. "This is no place for fishing." He focused the glass on the boat. "*Pux!* That one is mad! He's picking up coconuts! Port your helm."

In the boat Evan Bryant saw the distant launch at the same time. Swiftly he hauled up the mainsail sheet and unshipped his tiller to pick up the slight equatorial breeze. At the same time he began tossing coconuts over the side with his free hand.

"Aho! the boat!" the Brazilian captain called from his bridge house. "Heave to! I'd like to buy some of your coconuts."

"You wouldn't want them, *senhor capitao*. They're waterlogged, not fit to eat," Bryant yelled back.

"Heave to anyway. I'd like to talk to you."

Waving as if in assent, Bryant reached to lower his sail. He seemed to fumble clumsily with the line while the launch stopped its engine and slowly lost headway. Then the Welshman deftly swung his bow around to catch the stiffening breeze. The boat shot away from the launch, leaving the astonished captain gaping at the rain.

"Hey, *louco*, come back here! Come about, damn you!"

Bryant kept his eyes fixed straight ahead, praying desperately that the Brazilian would really give him up as a madman. But he was out of luck. Seconds later a rifle shot splashed a geyser of water just off his bow and a second went whistling through his sail. At the same time he heard the launch's engine start again, and the naval craft churned through the water after him. His gamble had failed. Bryant dropped his sail. He knew these Brazilians. They would have shot him.

For "attempted smuggling of valuable national resources," the Imperial Court of Justice at Pernambuco sentenced Bryant to ten years at hard labor on the prison island of Fernando de Noronha. Because of his outstanding record in the war against Paraguay, half of the 28-year-old adventurer's sentence was automatically remitted.

But even five years was too much. On September 16, 1876, when he first saw the bleak midocean rock from the supply ship *Vincente Pinzon*, Evan Bryant solemnly vowed to escape. In the mainland prison he had heard it had never been done, but he was determined somehow to get off what Brazilians called the *Ilha Maldita* (Island of the Damned) long before his five years were up.

At first glance the prospects seemed dim. Because the main island was surrounded by uncharted rocks and reefs just below the surface, no ship could approach closer than two miles. Supplies and incoming *condenados* were hauled ashore from the *Pinzon* aboard raft-like catamarans



from the beach, propelled by prisoner-manned oarsweeps. The catamarans were the only kind of craft permitted on Fernando de Noronha, and they were much too light to cross the 200 miles of open sea to the mainland, even with a make-shift sail.

**T**HE island itself was a grim upthrust of basalt and granite, a mile across and less than four miles long. Sheer cliffs rose from the sea on all sides to a plateau where the convict settlement, guards' barracks and cottages stood. At the northern end, just below the crest of a 700-foot peak, stood the Forte dos Remedios. A smaller fort, the Forte Sao Antonio, crowned a cliff a mile away. The two forts were very old, remnants of a time when Fernando de Noronha had been a Dutch pirate stronghold.

A mile offshore, on the Forte Sao Antonio side, a much smaller rock jutted out of the sea, naked, barren and treeless in the shimmering equatorial heat. This was the *Ilha dos Ratoes* (Rat Island), and Bryant was to learn its special purpose soon enough.

He had been on the island a week, working hatless and half-naked fifteen hours a day in the manioc fields under a merciless sun and shackled to the wall of an adobe hut at night. One day the *condenados* were herded in from the fields to the square in front of the administration building. A withered convict with white hair was lashed to the whipping post. Near by, with his officers, stood the *governador*, *Comandante* de Teixeira, in immaculate white uniform and sun helmet.

Teixeira nodded and an officer stepped forward and began to read from a paper. The substance of it was that the prisoner, Getulio Alves, was to receive three hundred lashes for assaulting the wife of a guard.

The punishment began. For a long time Getulio Alves screamed horribly with every whistling stroke of the long bull whip. By the eightieth stroke he had stopped screaming and hung limply from his bonds, his back a mass of bleeding welts. The whipping continued. Alves was obviously unconscious; his flesh a hideous purplish mass in which the raw muscle showed through. Still the commandant was not satisfied. His lips moving visibly, he counted the continuing whiplashes. Not until the last of the three hundred strokes had been administered did he turn away.

"Take him to the punishment beds for a week," he snapped. "And get the rest of these lazy *porcos* back to their work. They've rested long enough!"

Bryant had seen the punishment beds, a series of stone troughs, like coffins without lids or ends. Prisoners were chained into these on their backs, face-up to the blazing sun, unable to shift on the hard stone, forced to let either their heads or their feet dangle over the ends, since these torture beds were designed too short for the average man. There they remained for days or weeks on end, or until they died, permitted to sit up only twice a day when guards brought them food and water. They were not even unchained for bodily functions.

A week in the endless heat and horrible

stench of the beds drove even strong men mad, and few survived more than ten days.

That night in their hut a convict named Santos told the Welshman about the *Ilha dos Ratoes*, which he said was worse than the whipping post or the punishment beds.

"You've seen that rock over there, not a tree, not a stick of wood, no cover from the sun. It's for the *duroes*, the tough boys. Except for military mutiny, there's no capital punishment in Brazil, but there's nothing to stop Teixeira from killing men slowly on Rat Island."

Major offenders against the governor's rules, Santos explained, were deposited on Rat Island and left to fend for themselves. Each man had to find his own shelter and feed himself in whatever way he could, or die. There were no tools, but the Rat Island exiles had learned to cultivate a few beans and manioc roots with their bare hands in the unyielding soil. That was their only food, plus whatever they could snatch from the sea.

"They live in holes dug into the ground, like animals. In the rainy season they drink what falls from the sky. In dry spells Teixeira sends over one small keg of water a day. Sometimes not even that much, if he feels like it."

Bryant felt himself shiver as he listened. "Santos, I meant to ask you," he said after a long silence. "Did Alves really attack a guard's wife?"

The other *condenado* laughed in the darkness. "You have a lot to learn, *Ingles*. The only women on Fernando de Noronha are the guards' wives and daughters—and they are all *putas*, especially the young ones. They can't help it; in some ways it's worse here for them than for us. They have nothing to do, they're bored, so they can think only about men. The wives sleep with other guards, the daughters make love with anyone, even *condenados*. Alves was unlucky. He was caught at it. Incidentally, Teixeira's daughter is the worst of the lot. Carlotta. That one's only 17, but watch out for her, *Ingles*."

Three days later a guard came to take Bryant from the fields to the commandant's house. Sitting behind a desk in his study, Teixeira arrogantly studied the tall, muscular redhead who stood before him.

"So you are Bryant," he said finally. "Listen carefully. My daughter wishes to learn a foreign language. Therefore you will teach my daughter English."

Bryant was to have no other duties, Teixeira said. He was to keep clean, comb his beard, and do as Teixeira's daughter asked.

"She is young and innocent and I expect you to display proper respect, Bryant. If you do well, remember that I can shorten your sentence at my discretion. On the other hand, one false move — you know what kind I mean—and I'll pack you over to Rat Island."

The governor raised his voice. "Carlotta!"

The door to the adjoining room opened immediately and a girl entered smiling. Bryant looked her over covertly.

Carlotta de Teixeira was young, but obviously far from innocent. The bodice of her clinging white dress was cut daringly low to reveal the golden-tan flesh of her

(Continued on page 82)

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firm, full breasts. Blonde hair framed a pert, worldly face, whose impudent eyes inspected Bryant leisurely from head to foot. He had seen that look before, on the faces of water-front tarts in a dozen ports. "You called me, papa?" Carlotta asked sweetly.

"Sim, minha querida. This is the *condenado* Bryant, who will teach you English. I want you to report to me immediately if he offends you in any way."

He spoke as if Bryant weren't standing there. The girl kissed her father's cheek. "Muito obrigado, papa. I will remember."

"Very well. Take him with you. You can begin your lessons now."

Bryant soon learned that for an upper-class Brazilian girl of 17, Carlotta was exceptionally forward. Her every move and gesture was obviously calculated to flaunt her ripe sexuality in front of him. During lessons in the privacy of her room, she alternately would stretch sensuously to strain her bosom against the thin fabric of her dress, and lean over to let the dress fall away, her eyes alight with amusement as she caught the inevitable direction of Bryant's glance. She found a hundred excuses to brush him with her body, smiling shamelessly as he withdrew from the electric contact.

Bryant's days were tortured by the scent of Carlotta's perfume and his nights were a hell of dreams in which the governor's daughter danced nude atop the highest point of Rat Island. Struggling to resist her enticement, he became a man in agony.

Carlotta's control collapsed first. With Teixeira gone from the house one afternoon, she flung herself suddenly into Bryant's arms, pressing her feverish body against him. Her lips found his in a warm kiss and her arms drew him close. He tried vainly to remember Santos' warning, to resist the fire that flooded his limbs. But Carlotta's mouth was insistent, her body demanding. Bryant moved his lips to her throat, heard her moan as he carried her to the bed . . .

The "English lessons" went on for months, Teixeira never suspecting that his daughter was learning—and teaching—skills far different from a foreign language.

Bryant found himself living well; he was doing no hard labor, he ate better than the other *condenados*, and he had a young, passionate mistress. But he perceived the trap of this false luxury. He knew it could only end in disaster. Still determined to escape, he decided to end the relationship with Carlotta himself, rather than risk their being discovered. She wept hysterically when he told her. Stubbornly, she insisted that they remain lovers, threatening to tell her father if Bryant didn't do as she asked. He doubted that she would talk. She could hardly tell Teixeira what had been happening without incriminating herself, Bryant thought. He was wrong.

Two guards dragged him from his hut one night and brought him to the commandant's house. Teixeira and a red-eyed, weeping Carlotta were waiting for him. The governor dismissed the guards.

"You dared! After my warning you actually dared to molest my daughter, you English pig!" Teixeira thundered. He picked up a short whip and flailed it twice across Bryant's face. Blood streamed from

the cuts, but the Welshman stood there.

"You are lucky, Englishman," the governor continued. "I will not shame my daughter by having you whipped, so the whole island would know what you have done. But I need give no reason for sending you to Rat Island. You will be taken there in the morning!"

Now Bryant understood. Carlotta didn't want him in the punishment beds or the whipping post. She wanted him to suffer, but with a chance of surviving so he could return to her repentant. Whatever she had told her father, it was cleverly designed to spare Bryant's life.

There was nothing he could say. But his eyes, burning through Carlotta's as he was led from the room, spoke volumes of hate.

RAT Island was all Bryant expected it would be—and worse. Its eighteen inhabitants came crawling out of their holes as soon as he had been dumped ashore, inspecting him mutely with eyes that had lost all humanity. They looked like animals—filthy, ragged, some of them stark naked, their hair and beards long

off the flailing fists as best he could. Finally he managed to double up his leg under the Indian and, with a powerful thrust, kick the other backwards. Instantly he regained his feet and advanced on Riggs. They locked grips, bodies straining against each other, each trying to force his opponent off balance.

Riggs was bigger than Bryant, but the Welshman was in better condition. He could feel the other slowly giving way, while his eyes popped with the strain and sweat stood out on his naked chest and face. Slowly Bryant forced the half-breed back and then, with a sudden twist, loosened his grip. Riggs went flying and Bryant leaped after him, pounding at the other's face and body with his fists.

Riggs' hands scrambled in the dirt, closed on a rock. But suddenly a voice rose from the silent watching ranks.

"Look out, *Ingles!* His right hand!"

Bryant saw the rock just in time. He yanked Riggs to his feet, at the same time grasping his wrist and banging it sharply down over his own knee. The Cherokee howled with pain and dropped the rock. He pulled away from Bryant's grip and leaped back. To the Welshman's surprise, the American's bloody mouth was grinning.

"Hold it, Limey, I've had enough! Keep your damned shirt!"

Wiping the blood and sweat from his own face, Bryant looked around to see who had called the warning. It was Alves, the man he had watched being whipped the first week on Fernando de Noronha. He had survived the beds, only to be sent to Rat Island.

Riggs insisted that Bryant move into the burrow which the Indian shared with the Italian counterfeiter, Livetti.

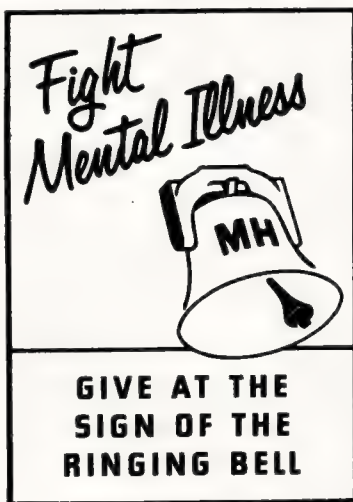
"Us three have to stick together, Limey," he explained. "The rest of these poor bastards are *bahiano* scum. But us foreigners are civilized gentlemen."

It was stretching a point to consider Riggs, who had knifed two men to death in a Rio water-front brawl, as either civilized or a gentleman. And Livetti looked as if he'd sell his grandmother for a couple of *milreis*. But they were the only men on Rat Island, plus Alves and a giant Negro named Cabral, who still had some spirit left. And spirit was the key to survival and escape.

Determined as he was to get away, Bryant soon found little time or energy to think of anything but remaining alive. The struggle was constant. The Rat Islanders were forced to live on a handful of beans and *farofa* meal and a few swallows of water a day. Every bite of food had to be laboriously scratched from the unyielding soil. Weaker men starved to death or were killed in the incessant fights over a scrap of food.

Evan Bryant forced himself not to yield to the mental rot that was Rat Island's worst danger. All though the interminable months of the rainy season, as he and his two companions huddled in their miserable mud-filled burrow, he talked of nothing but escape. Riggs and Livetti, however, were skeptical.

"How do we get back to Fernando, first of all?" Riggs asked. "I knew five men who tried to swim the channel. Sharks



and wild, their earth-colored bodies like skeletons.

One of them, bigger and stronger-looking than the rest, stepped forward. From his hawklike nose and coppery skin, Bryant guessed that this was Riggs, the half-Cherokee American of whom he had heard.

"Another rat for the burrow," Riggs said, scowling. "Let's have your shirt."

The Welshman measured him with his eyes and braced himself. "Come and get it!" he snapped.

Riggs grinned crookedly, arms hanging loose at his sides. He stepped away, half-turning his back on Bryant. Then he whirled suddenly, his shoulder hunched as he went slamming into Bryant with full force, hitting the sailor in the groin. Bryant was caught off balance by the sudden attack. He went tumbling headlong, but had hardly hit the ground when Riggs was on top of him, pounding him with vicious blows with his rock-like fists.

Bryant fought to break free, twisting and squirming under Riggs while he fended



got 'em all."

"Sharks will attack a man swimming alone," the Welsh sailor replied. "But they won't go after a group. We can make it, if all nineteen of us swim the channel together."

"And when we do?" Livetti laughed bitterly. "We should just walk up to Teixeira and say we're tired of Rat Island, eh? *E pura pazzia!* You're crazy, Bryant."

But the Welshman had thought it out. The governor, he pointed out, had the authority to reduce a *condenado's* sentence at his own discretion. If the Rat Islanders could get back to Fernando de Noronha, capture Forte Sao Antonio and take Teixeira prisoner, they could make him sign their release warrants and put them aboard the *Pinzon* on the supply ship's return to the mainland. The ship made only two trips a month and Teixeira had no other communication with Brazil. Once they reached Pernambuco, they could all flee the country, before the governor had a chance to report the truth—if he ever admitted that he had lost control of the penal colony.

It was a desperate plan. At the outset—until they recruited other *condenados*—they would be nineteen men against Teixeira's 120 well-armed guards. A hundred things could go wrong, and the penalty for military mutiny—Fernando de Noronha was a Brazilian army establishment—would be death.

On New Year's Day, 1878 the governor sent word that the daily water ration for Rat Island would henceforth be cut in half. He gave no reason but every *condenado* understood what the edict meant. It was the dry season, when even the regular water ration was far from sufficient for nineteen men. Under the deadly broiling sun, with a diet almost devoid of fluids, half of them could expect to die within three weeks, either from thirst or at the hands of their fellow-convicts in the inevitable brawl for the precious water.

The most timid could now see no alternative. That same night Bryant and his mutineers swam the channel to Fernando de Noronha.

**I**n the Forte Sao Antonio, once he had cowed Cabral and the others, Bryant commanded that the hostages be locked in an unused powder chamber. The men grumbled, but they realized that Bryant's planning had brought them the freedom they already enjoyed. They did as he said.

Bryant had no illusions that the governor would concern himself over the twenty hostages, soldiers and guards' women though they might be. Only Carlotta really counted as a bargaining point. Drafting the note he would send to Teixeira in the morning, the Welshman made this perfectly clear.

"Your daughter is unharmed," he wrote, after outlining the situation. "But unless you enter Forte Sao Antonio, alone and under a white flag, by 10 a.m., I will not hesitate to turn her over to my men. I personally guarantee your safety if you do what I tell you."

They didn't have long to wait for Teixeira's answer. Just before 10 the watchers on the parapet saw a puff of white smoke erupt from the wall of Forte dos Remedios.

Seconds later a shell came screaming over, followed by a second and a third. Teixeira was using his guns!

"The bloody fool doesn't care if he kills his daughter, so long as he gets us," Bryant said. "All right, Riggs, get the men under cover."

They took shelter, unable to reply. Forte Sao Antonio had no guns. But Teixeira's men were unused to artillery. Their marksmanship was poor and only a few shells found their mark in the upper masonry during the hour-long barrage. Inside, the mutineers and hostages were untouched.

Then, as suddenly as it began, the gunfire ended. A grim silence fell over Fernando de Noronha, baking in the equatorial heat. Down in the convict huts the chained *condenados* yelled desperately, begging to be released, calling for water. But there was no one to help them. The guards had retreated up to Remedios and Bryant couldn't risk sending his own men out where the cannon might find them.

The mutineers couldn't wait. The supply ship *Pinzon* was due on January 4, just two days away. Bryant had to capture Teixeira and force him to sign the release of the mutineers before the ship arrived. If the governor remained at large, they were all doomed.

The Welshman's move was desperate. After nightfall he led a long line of his men down into the settlement, skirting the edges of the colony and heading toward the far side of the peak, on whose slopes Teixeira's fort stood. The men were barefoot and carried kegs of gunpowder in addition to their small arms.

Reaching the seaward side of the peak, they began the long, hazardous climb to the top. They slipped and fell in the darkness, cursing at the tortuous rocks that slashed at their feet and broke off under their hands. The climb seemed endless, but finally they stood at the top. Forty feet below them lay Forte dos Remedios.

Moving slowly and carefully, Bryant led his men down into position. He himself had expertly cut the fuses attached to the kegs of powder. When Riggs passed him the whispered word that the others were ready, the Welshman crouched behind a sheltering rock, lit a match and touched it to the fuse. Other matches flared in the darkness around him.

He rose to his feet, hoisting the powder keg high over his head, the sputtering fuse lighting up his face as he roared: "Let the bastards have it!"

Ten kegs of powder arched through the air, flaring down on the guards manning the parapet. With almost a single voice they roared in a tremendous explosion that sent columns of flame up from the fort, ripping the men on the walls to pieces. At the same time Bryant's men slid down toward the fort, shouting as they raced in to massacre anyone who survived.

The Welshman gained the ramparts and started down into the inner court. The air was filled with screams of the wounded, hoarse yells, shots and the clash of bayonets and rifle barrels. A dark form hurtled through the air, throwing Bryant off balance. He went down, slashing at his assailant, feeling his knife rip into yielding

(Continued on page 84)

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flesh. Other forms rushed by in the darkness, a door was flung open, men shouted and groaned in anger and pain.

Bryant ran toward the door and found himself in a corridor filled with struggling men. Lantern light streamed from a room at the end of the corridor. The Welshman fought his way toward it and broke past the last wrestling figures into the room.

"Cabral, no! We need him alive!" he roared. But Bryant was too late.

The big Brazilian had got to Teixeira first. He was bending over the governor, his powerful hands fixed in a death grip on the governor's throat. Bryant fought to wrench Cabral's fingers loose, but they were like a vise. Desperately the Welshman struck hard at the Negro's windpipe with the edge of his hand. Cabral staggered backward, gasping for air, his eyes popping. Bryant bent over the still body of the governor. Teixeira was dead.

Bryant stared blindly down at the twisted corpse. He had won Fernando de Noronha, but it was a bitter victory. With the commandant dead, he and the other mutineers were doomed.

Early in the morning of January 4, 1878 the supply ship *Pinzon* hove to outside the reefs of Fernando de Noronha and sounded her whistle to alert the prison colony of her arrival. Nothing happened. Even through his glass the *Pinzon's* captain could see no sign of life.

Seamen from the ship landed on the beach and started warily up the path leading to the settlement. Just as they topped the rise two scarecrow figures, bearded and half-naked, burst from a clump of trees, yelling and singing drunkenly. They spotted the *Pinzon's* men at almost the same moment. Suddenly sober, they turned and ran, disappearing among the convict huts.

Under the trees the seamen found Carlotta de Teixeira. The girl was stark naked and only half-conscious, her lovely body a mass of bruises. The seamen picked her up and started quickly back down to the beach. As fast as they could they rowed out to the ship. Even as they cleared the reefs, figures appeared on the cliff and rifle balls geysered the water around the boat.

It wasn't until the *Pinzon* landed back in Pernambuco that Carlotta was able to stammer out her story.

The fall of Forte dos Remedios and the murder of Teixeira seemed to release a trigger in the pent-up mutineers. Drunk with victory, but at the same time realizing that they had failed, they returned to Forte Sao Antonio after killing the survivors among Teixeira's guards.

Now there was no holding them. They broke open the settlement's supply stores, looting food and the barrels of rum which had been for the garrison's use. Roaring drunk and glutted with unaccustomed delicacies, the maddened, freedom-intoxicated *condenados* then turned on the women hostages.

Carlotta, locked in a separate room, could hear the women's screams and the men's brutal, drunken laughter all through that first night. At first she thought Bryant had ordered her spared. But then, when the sounds of the orgy of rape finally died, the door of her cell was flung open. Evan Bryant stood there, grinning at her.

She hardly recognized him. The brawny Welshman was staggering drunk, his eyes red-rimmed, his chest streaked with someone else's blood. Something had snapped in him, too.

"Well, you blasted slut," he said, "you once cried to have me back. Now here I am." With that he kicked the door shut and advanced on her.

Carlotta didn't remember when he left, or much of anything else. The rest was a nightmare of leering *condenados*, of hands mauling her and sweating bodies pressed against her, of shouts, shots and breaking glass, of the smell of rum and unwashed men. She didn't remember who carried her out of the fort or who the two men were who had left her among the trees.

Under questioning in Pernambuco she finally broke completely, lapsing into a mute, unseeing trance from which she never recovered.

Five days after her rescue two companies of Brazilian marines and a battery of light field guns landed on Fernando de Noronha. Unopposed, they deployed and raced up to the plateau.

Fifteen *condenados* were waiting for them there, unarmed, their hands raised in surrender. Ten others, they told the marines, including Bryant, Riggs and Livetti, had embarked on catamarans the day before in a desperate effort to reach French Guiana nearly 1,500 miles away.

Moving through the convict huts, the marines found scores of dead and dying men, still chained where the guards had left them the night before the mutiny began. In their final orgy of doomed freedom Bryant's convict rebels had forgotten to free or feed their own comrades.

As the troops moved carefully toward the Forte Sao Antonio there was a sudden muffled explosion from inside. Rushing in, they found the remains of three of the mutineers—shreds of flesh and cloth clinging to the walls of the smoke-filled room where they'd blown themselves up rather than face execution. Outside, the courtyard was littered with the mangled, defiled bodies of the women hostages and the corpses of the guards who had been taken prisoner and horribly tortured to death.

Searching ships found two of the three missing catamarans drifting aimlessly within 40 miles of Fernando de Noronha, the mutineers aboard more dead than alive. But the raft holding Henry Riggs, Franco Livetti and Evan Bryant—the man who had briefly ruled the Island of the Damned—was never found.

THE END

## MASS ESCAPE FROM STALAG XI

(Continued from page 18)

Anderson and Nordmann went out of the barracks. The storm had become more vicious. Visibility was less than three feet. "We got a break in the weather," Anderson said. They had waited patiently for a snowy night, but this blizzard was even better than they had hoped for.



The two GIs went toward Gomez, the ersatz sentry. It was a violation of camp rules for the inmates to wander around after the 7 p.m. count, and Gomez promptly herded these two with his bayonet toward the section security tower.

Gomez opened the door to the security tower with the dead corporal's key and prodded his "prisoners" up the steps. "Open up!" Nordmann said in German. A *Feldwebel* (sergeant) slid a bar from a tiny slot. He peered out at Gomez—who camouflaged his face by pretending to be rubbing snow from it—and at Gomez's "prisoners." Then he opened the door. Instantly Gomez raised the butt of the *karabiner* under his chin. The *Feldwebel's* jawbone splintered with a hideous cracking sound and he slumped, unconscious. Several teeth protruded at grotesque angles from his mouth, and blood trickled onto the floor. The other soldier in the tower, a little bespectacled *Gefreite* (Pfc), tried to jerk the Luger from his holster. Gomez shoved the *karabiner's* butt into his face. Blinded and badly cut by his broken glasses, he began to stream. The scream ended when Gomez crushed his skull with a downward swing of the *karabiner*.

"Nothing to it," Anderson said with a humorless grin. "Now give me the rifle, Gomez. This big sergeant has given the U.S. Army trouble for the last time."

The *Feldwebel* was a sadist who had made the GIs stand at attention in the yard for hours for failing to salute him. He had come into the barracks on inspection tours and pistol-whipped men because they hadn't snapped to attention quickly enough when he'd shouted: "*Achtung!*" And he'd flogged men on work details because they had begged for a drink of water or for time to answer a call of nature.

Anderson raised the *karabiner's* butt above the *Feldwebel's* head. He flattened the German's skull with a vicious blow. Then he tossed the *karabiner* to Gomez.

"Better get back to your patrol," he said with no more emotion than if he had just stepped on a cockroach.

Gomez climbed down the tower. Immediately Nordmann translated the inscriptions on the control panel, and Anderson, who had been an electrician in civilian life, began to figure means of cutting off the electricity in the fence.

Then the phone rang. It was the regular 15-minute check from the Security Commandant's office. Nordmann, masking his voice with a cough, said that everything was normal in this tower's sector.

It was no coincidence that a German-speaking GI and another who was an electrician were the POW's to accompany Gomez to the tower. Anderson, who had conceived this escape scheme, had chosen his assistants because of their special qualifications—Nordmann because he spoke German, Gomez because his physique was almost identical with that of the Nazi guard Busch. Anderson had designated other men in the barracks to other specific parts in his plan.

Within ten minutes after he and his buddies entered the tower, Anderson knew how to immobilize the fence's electrical charge and the camp's sirens. He and Nordmann waited until the Security Com-

mandant's clerk called again, so they would have the maximum time before the next call; then Anderson swiftly shorted the sirens and the fence's electricity, but not the camp's floodlights or other lights.

Three minutes later Anderson and Nordmann were in Barracks IV. "Fence cutters," Anderson said tensely, "get going!"

Immediately four GIs jockeyed the red-hot stove a few inches and another GI lifted a board and withdrew a hacksaw blade and a pair of small pliers. He tossed these tools to two waiting privates. These privates, accompanied by Steve McGuire, ran out the door.

Six harrowing minutes later McGuire ran into the barracks. "Okay," he said. "We've got a hole big enough for two at a time. Let's go!"

In an incredibly short time the men of Barracks IV had crawled through the fence and disappeared in the storm. Gomez, who kept on parading, was the last to crawl under the fence. The men went in various directions. Previously they had decided their chances would be greater if they dispersed. Some went east toward the Bohemian Forest on the border of Czechoslovakia. Though this country was occupied by the Germans, the POW's believed its people would befriend them. Others went southwestward, toward the Swiss border. Some fled west toward France. Still others, including Anderson and Nordmann, thought their best chance was to pretend to be civilians. They would stalk and murder Germans whose physiques were similar to theirs, so they could use their identification cards. Then they would go toward Switzerland, the nearest refuge.

But the escapees made two bad errors: they had not anticipated the wrath of Adolf Hitler, and they had underestimated the efficiency of the German Gestapo and the Security Police.

When his aide brought the report of the escape, Hitler cursed and stomped his feet. It was the only mass escape of POW's in the Nazis' history. And at this time it was especially bitter. The Allies were smashing through France; English and American bombers were pulverizing German cities; the Russians were advancing on the Eastern front; Norwegian partisans had blown up the Germans' last hope to develop an atomic bomb. Everything was going badly, but those cursed American POW's wouldn't get away with making fools of the Nazis.

"I want every one of those mongrels caught and executed!" Hitler screamed.

Himmler, Chief of the Gestapo, and Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Minister of Propaganda, prevailed upon Hitler to reconsider this order. Germany needed every soldier to fight its enemies, and searching for a few unarmed Americans would require the efforts of thousands of soldiers. Also, if the Americans were executed, there might be reprisals for this atrocity against Germans in Allied POW camps.

"All right!" Hitler screamed. "But fifty must be taught the folly of humiliating us. And maximum effort must be expended to capture all the Americans! THESE ARE MY ORDERS!"

So in the days when Germany could least afford it, 72,000 men of the Gestapo

(Continued on page 86)

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and Internal Security Police were ordered to devote their full time to the capture of the escaped Americans.

The result was inevitable. Here and there, all over Germany, the men of Barracks IV were captured—except for Anderson and Nordmann, who had crossed the Swiss border, and a corporal named Elston R. Stoll, who remained in hiding in Czechoslovakia until the war ended.

The captured POW's were returned to Stalag XI. Col. Gerhardt ordered them to stand at attention in the below-zero temperature. When all but fifty had collapsed, these men were taken into the camp's brig. By this device Gerhardt had chosen the strongest of the Americans for execution. Many of the others, he knew, would soon die anyway of exposure or malnutrition.

The next morning the fifty victims were made to climb the fence. Then the electricity was turned on. Gerhardt thought the convulsions of the bodies were hilarious.

He wasn't so happy, though, when he was put on the stand at a special War Crimes Court in Würzburg on May 17, 1947. His treatment of the camp's POW's was reconstructed from former French, Polish and English prisoners, and from the testimony of Anderson, Nordmann and Stoll. Details of the mass execution were described by the Americans who witnessed it, and by several of Gerhardt's former officers, who were also charged with atrocities.

Gerhardt was sentenced to be hanged, and former S/Sgt. Nordmann, by special permission of the U.S. Occupation authorities, was permitted to spring the trap. The hanging took place at 3 o'clock on the morning of September 21, 1947.

THE END

## CAN MARCIANO COME BACK?

(Continued from page 21)

beating, Jeffries came out for the 15th round. Johnson hooked a left to the jaw as he evaded one of Jeff's many clinches. Then the Galveston Giant whipped three crisp left hooks to the Boilermaker's battered face. A right and another left sent Jeffries reeling to the canvas. He managed to get up at promoter-referee Tex Rickard's count of nine, but the cat-like Johnson then drove home blow after blow, one of them almost knocking Jeff out of the ring. Again dazed and helpless, Jeffries mechanically got to his feet. A flurry of rights and lefts sent him down again for keeps.

The defeated man was a sorry sight as seconds dragged him to his corner after he had been knocked out. He bled from nose and mouth. He had more than a dozen cuts on his face. One eye was closed and he mumbled incoherently.

Three minutes later, while sitting on a chair in his corner, and with his head in his hands, he managed to say: "I was too old to come back. I lacked the snap of youth. My speed and stamina were miss-

ing. Things I used to do were now impossible. I used to have a short right and left to the body which hurt my opponents. Now it's only a love tap."

A slight cut on the lip was the only evidence that Jack Johnson had fought 15 rounds.

That night jubilant Jack played host to scores of well-wishers in a Reno restaurant. He ordered wine for everybody, but after drinking a couple of beers and answering innumerable questions about the fight, he left the crowd to pack for his return to Chicago.

Johnson received \$145,000 from the bout, motion pictures and bonus for signing. Jeffries' end was \$192,000; a nice sum for a loser in those days of no taxes.

Unfortunately, reaction to the Jeffries-Johnson bout in other sections of the United States wasn't as sportsmanlike as it was in Reno.

Eight Negroes were killed in the Southern states as a result of post-fight riots. In Pittsburgh Negroes stopped streetcars and evicted white passengers. Four men were hospitalized and many more were hurt in the fight that followed. New York's San Juan Hill and Hell's Kitchen sections were the scenes of more sluggings between Whites and Negroes.

Coming back to Marciano, he might well consider Jeffries' statement: "I was too old to come back." Jeff's shock when he found his punch had faded with the years of retirement is also worth Rocky's consideration.

Packy O'Gatty, the bantam who helped speed up Jack Dempsey's footwork in many exhibitions, says: "Marciano should do plenty of road work, then box three or four rounds twice a week with a fast-moving sparring partner. After a three-week trial he will get a fairly good idea of his potential in a real fight."

While Rocky has always had a quiet confidence in his own fistic prowess, he does not downgrade Ingo Johansson.

"He's a big, mean, 198-pound Swede," says Marciano. "I didn't think he was as fast and smart as he showed himself to be against Floyd Patterson. After he knocked out Floyd, I shook hands with Ingo and said: 'I wish you had been my trainer when I fought. I'd still be fighting.'"

Marciano meant that Johansson's training program was much less rigid than the one he himself had submitted to in the years he was managed by Al Weill and trained by Charlie Goldman.

Weill's strict orders, carried out by Goldman, palled on Rocky after the first few title defenses. Marciano wanted to spend a little more time with his wife and baby girl. Mrs. Marciano wasn't at all happy with the arrangement that kept her from seeing her husband very often during his training periods.

As for Goldman's "making him a champion," this is regarded as a myth by those who have seen Marciano in all his fights from the time he was signed by Weill.

If Goldman taught Marciano anything, it was just a smoothing out of his more obvious crudities in the ring. Time and again, those who have watched Rocky from a ring apron have seen him fight as if everything he had been taught had been promptly forgotten.

His attack was never taught by a boxing perfectionist; still, his short-armed swings blasted Louis, Walcott, Charles, Cockell and Moore to the canvas for the full count.

The question is whether Marciano has retained any of the seemingly indestructible qualities of 1955. The answer seems to be no, based on the experiences of Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Jeffries, Dempsey and Walcott—all ex-champs who tried to come back.

If Rocky does meet Johansson, there's the outside chance that Ingo might hurt his potent right hand if he lands it on the top of a crouching Marciano's cast-iron cranium. If such a thing happens Marciano, crowding Johansson to the ropes, might put over the crusher.

However, Marciano will have to fight two opponents—time and a strong, young Johansson. The odds are against his winning over two such formidable opponents. But win or lose, there's a big financial reward in prospect for Marciano—and, as they say—money talks.

THE END

## U.S.'s ONLY REAL RACING CLASSIC

(Continued from page 34)

bettors, a bay colt named Gallahadion, disdaining his formidable opponent and the odds board, barreled home at 35-1.

For comparable odds, excluding Dark Star at 25-1 and Bold Venture in 1936 at 20-1, one has to go back to Exterminator, a Derby eve replacement for his stablemate, Sun Briar. "Old Bones" stepped down in the mud of the 1918 edition at 30-1. There also was Donerail, who paid off in 1913 at 91-1! Favored Ten Point ran second.

Favorites, though, have won 38 of 84 Derbies—going into the 1959 race. This is a percentage of 45 plus—nearly one of every two.

But losing is part of the Derby as much as winning, since just one of many 3-year-olds (barring a dead heat which hasn't happened) earns the roses.

The incentives that spur thoroughbred breeders, owners and trainers to put forth an extra bit of their astuteness, ingenuity and energies to produce even a potential Derby starter are the prestige of a Derby victory, a gold trophy and the pot of gold itself.

There's much deliberate "pointing" of horses for the Derby. This logically accounts for the occasional reversal of form by runners kept under wraps, who have been unobtrusively nursed to their all-time peaks of condition for Derby Day.

One may speculate about the physical effects on horses, who may or may not be really basically sound, who are sent into the race and pressed greatly beyond their capabilities to win.

Broker's Tip won the 1933 running, but it was the first (he was a maiden or non-winner), last and only race he won. He broke down a week later in the Preakness.

Burgoo King won the Derby and the



Preakness, but broke down afterward.

Bold Venture won the Derby and Preakness, but also went wrong after the Maryland run for the black-eyed Susans. He had to be retired to stud.

Tim Tam, last year's winner, went wrong two races later in the Belmont Stakes.

What makes the mare (Regret in 1915 has been the only winning filly) go? Money mainly. The purses given for winning are nothing for any horse to laugh at—but it was not always so. The net value of the Derby in 1912, for example, was \$4,850. The net value to Needles, winner in 1956, was a paltry \$123,450. The net value to Iron Liege in 1957 was \$107,950. Each year since 1954 the net value to the winner has been over \$100,000.

Top winner of Kentucky Derbies among the gaily-garbed equestrian gentry, upon whom so much depends once the stall-arms of the starting gate have flung open, is "Heady Eddie" Arcaro. Arcaro is winner of no less than five; his career parallels the record of the Jones Boys—"Plain Ben" and son Jimmy. The Jones-Calumet Farm combine have taken seven.

Of course, there is no monopoly of success in an event involving so much competition. Fred W. Hooper bought a yearling for a relatively modest \$10,000. The upshot of this purchase finally amounted to a Calumet Farm loss, as favored Pot O' Luck finished second to Hoop Jr. in the mud of the 1945 running.

"I never thought I'd make it so quickly," the happy Hooper admitted. It was the first yearling he had acquired.

In addition to the rivalries between owners and trainers, the competition between the jockeys becomes even more intensified once the horses are off and running.

In 1933 a spirited stretch duel between Broker's Tip, with the volatile Don Meade up, and Head Play with Herb Fisher, suddenly deteriorated into a matter of sharp personal enmity.

The two riders lashed each other several times with their whips as the astonished throng in the famous twin-spired grandstand and historic infield looked on.

Meade and Fisher were suspended, but only after their stretch fireworks had added a bonus touch to the normal great excitement of a Derby finish.

Ordinarily, aside from the sportsman-ship incumbent on competitors in any sport, the main problem of getting their mounts from gate to wire as quickly as possible is enough to keep the riders plenty busy.

A jock never knows what might happen. At the start of the 1936 running Granville threw Jimmy Stout. The 4-5 choice, Brevity, went to the ground with one knee. The stands groaned. Mentally the betting fans began to tear up their tickets. Wayne D. Wright picked up his beautiful colt and made a game try—but Brevity failed by a head to catch Bold Venture.

**H**ORSES have recovered from trouble early, or survived trouble later, in the race to win. Ben Brush stumbled at the start of the '96 affair, nearly unseating his rider. The 1-2 choice seemed hopelessly out of contention, but proved his greatness when he caught the leaders entering the

stretch. He came on to win by a nose.

Alan-a-Dale, leading by four lengths as he entered the stretch for the stirring climax of the 1902 race, suddenly went lame at the eighth pole. He continued on sheer thoroughbred heart and doggedness to gain victory for his interests by a scant nose.

Alan-a-Dale was a chestnut son of the black Halma, who had won in 1895. Derby winners beget Derby winners. In more recent years Pensive (1944) begot Ponder (1949) and Ponder begot Needles (1956). This formidable triumvirate all came from far back early in the running to win in remarkably similar performances that greatly pleased those fans who love to see a "come-from-behind" horse win.

One of the really outstanding stretch runs in Derby history was that of Whirlaway. Blocked in the first eighth of a mile of the 1941 running, Arcaro got the eccentric little chestnut colt with the long tail rolling to an easy win of eight lengths. His time for the race established a new Derby record of 2:01-2/5, a mark Calumet's flying red horse still holds.

Nowadays it's commonplace for Derby horses to fly not only down the stretch at Churchill Downs but in planes as well.

When the crack California conditioner William Molter was loading Determine on a plane at San Francisco for Louisville and the '54 Derby, the pilot handed Molter a revolver.

"What's this for?" the trainer asked. He felt the cold metal in his hand and frowned at the gun, recoiling slightly from it.

"Why," the pilot said, "to shoot the horse if he goes berserk in midair and endangers the plane!"

Molter handed back the revolver and his reply came from the heart. "I'd shoot myself first before I would do anything to Determine."

The colt made the flight safely and won the race, thus becoming the first gray ever to win the Derby. This was the year after the gray Native Dancer had so narrowly missed.

A number of other firsts yet to be established, and the many other speculative tangents provided by the race, are further reasons why the Derby annually attracts so many millions of people. Still, some of the same elements of conjecture are involved in less ordinary races. Why is it that the Kentucky Derby has achieved such widespread popularity?

This can be answered simply and unequivocally with two clean four-letter words: Matt Winn.

Until 1902 the Kentucky Derby was an obscure race held during an unsuccessful meeting of a failing race track. Then Churchill Downs was offered for sale. Charlie Price, an ex-newspaperman turned racing official, touted Winn, a 41-year-old tailor and horse player with a wife and nine daughters, into organizing a syndicate that bought the track for \$40,000. Winn officially became vice-president under the reorganized setup and voluntarily became the Downs' publicity and public relations chief.

Everywhere he went Matt talked about the Derby to everyone he met and stimulated greater interest in the race by a personal word-of-mouth campaign.

(Continued on page 88)

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The rest is legend. Col. Winn courted, and in time enticed, snooty Eastern stables to ship their hopefuls to the Downs. The prestige of Eastern interests hurdled class and intersectional barriers and increased the fame of the race.

Attendance-wise, emotionally and even culturally, the Derby is this country's greatest horse race. Col. Winn insists it's the world's greatest. Not nearly as many notable persons attend any other horse race in our nation, but the bulk of humans that converge once yearly at Louisville is comprised of plain folk like John Jones and Jane Smith. The Kentucky Derby is as American as hot dogs.

It's estimated that the famed "Run for the Roses" (a phrase coined by Downs' President Bill Corum) annually garners the municipality of Louisville \$15,000,000 in business. A locust-like horde of Derby-hungry fans annually descends on the city in planes, in cars, trains, buses and even by boat from up the Ohio River at Cincinnati. The enthusiastic visitors are rewarded with pre-Derby festivities that include a parade, elaborate floats, pretty girls, high-stepping drum majorettes, brass bands and military units. It's a great show.

Perhaps Paducah's Irvin S. Cobb nailed the horseshoe on when he said: "Until you go to Kentucky and with your own eyes behold the Derby, you ain't never been nowhere and you ain't never seen nothin'!"

This year again folks at the shop or office will make up little betting pools—which may be the really greatest thing about the Derby. People who pay no attention to horse racing the rest of the year, and never bet a penny at the tracks or bookmaker's, get a big kick out of making up a little kitty once a year.

Individual contributions to the pot usually are small enough so that the better, if he loses, doesn't get hurt. But if he wins! Well, there's nothing like the thrill and satisfaction of having picked the Derby winner.

The lucky better can gloat over his less astute associates all year long, until the bugle is ready to sound "Boots and Saddles" again, heralding the appearance on the track of the country's best in the way of 3-year-old thoroughbreds. THE END

## THE HOLE

(Continued from page 29)

hut. This section of the camp was in a low area and there was no drainage. Big, fat, white, inch-long maggots edging their way along the filthy water from the open slit-trench latrine would manage to get to the haven of the elevated platforms, where they fed on the sleeping or those too sick to care.

I was asleep that night and in my tormented mind it seemed the rain had ceased and there was bright moonlight, but the water was still there, on the ground all around the hut, and the maggots were still there, too.

All of a sudden, just outside from where I lay and almost within my reach, a large

hole opened in the ground. As the stagnant rain water swirled down into this hole, it gave off a stench that seemed to be from hell itself.

Soon a scrawny hand appeared on the edge and the emaciated form of what had once been a man slowly pulled itself out of the dark abyss. He rubbed his bony hands and leered at me, as yet another poor soul and then a third slowly and strugglingly came up from this doorway to Hades.

At first there seemed to be some resemblance to men I might have known before, maybe from some previous unit I had been assigned to, or perhaps acquaintances I had made on the death march out of Bataan. But no, it couldn't be, for in their present condition they were past all recognition. What was left of their clothing was too ragged and dirty to bear even the remotest resemblance to worn-out uniforms. Their hair was matted and dirty and straggly. Cobwebby substances and mildew clung to them. Their eyes were bloodshot and their mouths were drooly with slime.

Could these be a few of the untold legions that had been left dead along the road out of Bataan? Could they have come back from the boot hill of Cabanatuan? Could they have been some of those who, with one foot dangling out of a dirty blanket fastened to a pole, were carried on the shoulders of two unknown pallbearers down a sun-baked road to their last resting place—a long trench, made ever longer each day to accept its burden of malaria and dysentery victims?

They spoke not a word, just stood there and glared gloatingly around them, out across the prison compound in the direction of the many shacks that made up this place of evil and death. Finally they seemed to understand his part in the unholy ritual as their gazes would wander again and again out across the prison. One would point toward a particular shack and the others would bob the things they had for them in assent, while too often they would grimace back in my direction.

My soul was sickly scared. I could not move; I was like a person in a paralytic trance. I could only hope that if I kept real still, they would not come too close to me.

Their gruesome job apparently having been accomplished, they turned in my direction and one of them pointed at me with a fleshless finger and croaked to the others: "Him?"

After some contemplation the others chorused: "No, not yet!"

Then with diabolic cackles they seemed to slither back into the hole from which they had come, and the water swirled angrily around and down into the hole as the ground closed slowly over them.

I was alone again and it was still raining and a maggot was worming its way up my leg. I slapped and squashed it and stuck my leg out into the rain to wash the filth off, but I couldn't wash away the dream. I lay there awake the rest of the night.

For many nights to come the torment tore at my innards until I could no longer tell the difference between dream or hal-

lucination, between vision and reality. Had this just been a figment of a fevered, delirious brain, or was it perhaps a message from some strangely wise and unknown source, an omen to tell me that I was not destined to die in that vermin-infested place?

I never forgot the terrible dream, although it never recurred until last night, when I had the same visitation in all its stench and horror, step by step. This time it appeared to me in a room of a cheap boardinghouse.

I had been hitching my way across the country looking for a job. I was headed for Pittston, Pa. There were coal mines there and I thought maybe I could get a job to hold me over until I could recoup my dwindling finances. Several small instances had made my going a bit rough and I didn't get to Pittston until yesterday about dusk, too late to apply for work. I would have to wait until the next day.

I got a room for the night in a rooming house. I was pretty tired and when I hit that bed I fell fast asleep. Suddenly it happened! I was back in that miserable dump of a POW camp known as O'Donnell. It was the same dream, with nothing left out. I awoke in a sweat. I smoked a cigarette. I put it out. I tried to get back to sleep. But it was almost morning before I dropped off again, utterly exhausted, whipped. Small wonder it was almost noon when I awoke again.

Down to my last dollar eighty-five, I decided to spend a few dimes for coffee and toast. Something around town seemed damned strange, like something bad in the air. Another thing, there weren't many people out on the streets for this time of day. I asked the counterman what gave and he told me there had been a bad mine cave in and a lot of miners were trapped.

The few people left in town seemed to be hustling out toward the scene of the accident, so I joined them. Maybe there was something I could do to help.

I couldn't get near enough to the place to be of any good, so I sought out a spot of higher ground near the river bank. That's when I saw the hole that had been caused by the cave in. There, right at the river's edge! Workers were frantically trying to fill in the hole and break the swirling waters that were pouring in on the trapped miners. From where I stood I could see the ugly muddy, swelling eddies pour into that hole, in a hurry to devour its human meal. If I had arrived in this town only a few hours earlier yesterday, I too might have been part of the meal.

But for the grace of God I might have gotten to this town earlier. But for the grace of some Unknown I might not have had the dream that tore at my slumber and caused me to oversleep that fateful day that the Susquehanna took its toll of so many human lives.

I gazed, as only a man petrified by a nightmare might gaze, at the devastation below, while in my ears was the pounding, pounding, pounding of a relentless doom and the hollow, rasping voice pushing up through the angry eddies whispering: "Him? No, not now!"

THE END







## INSIDE STORY OF ROGER TOUHY

(Continued from page 11)

convicted in the Factor kidnapping case, the Capone mob moved in and managed to take over the Bartenders' Union.

The chief investigator against the Capone gang was Daniel "Tubbo" Gilbert, a Chicago police captain who worked for Prosecutor Thomas J. Courtney. Gilbert had the highly important job of gathering evidence to be used in criminal prosecutions of murder, robbery, kidnapping, rape, burglary, arson and other felonies. Working under him he had a staff of investigators, most of whom were policemen on leave from the Chicago force, as was Gilbert himself. Tubbo's power stemmed from the fact that he prepared all cases for trial and collected the vital evidence upon which Prosecutor Courtney sought his indictments and convictions.

Tubbo Gilbert was a strict, harsh disciplinarian. But during his twelve years as chief investigator under Courtney, Touhy said that Gilbert didn't come up with enough evidence to send one single Capone mobster to jail. He did get a group of Capone henchmen indicted after they had taken over the Bartenders' Union. In the trial that followed, however, the star police-guarded witness refused to testify and the Capone pug-uglies continued in control of the union. Better entrenched than ever, the mob continued on its merry way.

It took the power of the federal government, not the Chicago courts, to put "Short Pants" Campagna, Paul "The Waiter" Ricca and other Capone hooligans away for long terms for extortion, fraud and income tax violations.

The second reason the Capone gang wanted Touhy out of the way was their fear of reprisal for the 1927 murder of Roger's brother John. The slaying had been over a territorial dispute as to the limits of the Touhy sales domain. Mild-mannered Roger, who claimed that he didn't believe in murder as a method of settling disputes, had taken this one on the chin. But the suave Irishman was only putting up a front, and the Capone mob was not buying his version. They lived in fear.

Still another version was advanced by Federal Judge John P. Barnes in his 60-page decision which ruled that Roger Touhy was innocent and had been railroaded to jail in the Factor case. Judge Barnes said that personal enmity existed between Touhy and Tubbo Gilbert because of Gilbert's labor investigations.

Roger Touhy was one of the original organizers of the Telegraphers Union. And when the mob attempted to gain control of the Teamsters Union, it was Touhy who warned the leaders and outlined the successful strategy which stopped the Capone hoods in their tracks.

**T**HE next character in the plot is "Jake the Barber" Factor, who, back in the early 1930's, was wanted in England for swindling \$8,000,000 from widows, clergy-

men and other unfortunate investors. The British Crown was seeking Factor's extradition, but was having trouble because Jake was reputed to have most of the \$8,000,000 intact, and naturally he also had good lawyers.

On December 28, 1931 the United States Commissioner ruled that Factor should be extradited to England. The decision touched off a long fight in which the multimillion-dollar swindler succeeded in having the commissioner's decision overruled in an appeal, only to have the U. S. Supreme Court confirm the original verdict.

During most of the court wrangling Factor was free in \$50,000 bond, living like the millionaire he was, and hobnobbing with the top men of the Capone mob.

Then, right at the height of the proceedings in Washington, Factor's young son was kidnapped in Chicago. Jake promptly used his son's disappearance as an excuse for not complying with a Federal subpoena that he make a personal appearance in the District of Columbia Court. Factor doubtless knew that once he set foot on District of Columbia soil, he would be subject to Federal law, making him immediately eligible for deportation. The laws of Illinois could provide him no protection.

The disappearance of Jake's son brought Jake himself very favorable publicity in the newspapers. In those days, so soon after the Lindbergh baby's kidnapping, the crime of abduction brought immediate sympathy to the victim and his relatives. The intense feelings generated by the Lindbergh kidnapping had brought on a state of near-hysteria, and the crime had become the worst on record, at least in the days of the early 1930's.

Factor's son was missing only eight days, but seven weeks after the boy returned home safe and sound, Jake disappeared, apparently at the hands of kidnapers. In Washington the distinguished lawyer representing the British Crown—Franklin R. Overmeyer—charged flatly that the kidnapping was a hoax engineered by Factor himself to beat extradition.

It was for this kidnapping that Roger Touhy was convicted and sentenced on February 24, 1934 to serve 99 years in the Illinois State Penitentiary at Stateville.

Roger escaped and was free for 82 days in 1942. When the FBI recaptured him in a dramatic entrapment in Chicago, a total of 199 years was added to his original 99-year sentence. There will be more of this later.

Twelve years later, in 1954, Touhy left the Stateville prison again, this time for 49 hours and seven minutes. During these fateful hours he heard an order issued by Federal Judge John P. Barnes, who said he believed Touhy had been "framed for the kidnapping conviction" and ruled that he should go free. But Barnes' ruling was upset by the U. S. Appellate Court and Touhy went back to prison.

Finally, on November 24, 1959, Touhy received commutation on both his sentences and was granted a parole. This was after a long series of trials and appeals before the Illinois Parole Board. But only 23 days after he walked out of Illinois State Penitentiary Touhy was dead—murdered by a flurry of shotgun blasts.

To get back to the story of Roger Touhy, it began where Touhy died—in Chicago. Although the prison records say he was born in 1897, Touhy's own statement was that the year was 1898. He was born in his parents' home on Robie Street, in the same neighborhood where he hid from the law after his celebrated escape from prison in 1942.

Touhy's father was a policeman who never once had a mark against his record. His salary as a cop was hardly sufficient for his family of seven children. Even so, Policeman James Touhy traveled the straight and narrow path of honesty at a time when many Chicago cops were keeping well ahead of the game by taking whatever they could get in under-the-table payoffs.

In his memoirs, "The Stolen Years," Touhy revealed that during his boyhood he drove a horse and buggy for a Roman Catholic priest named Father Goodwin whenever the priest went calling on his parishioners. When he wasn't driving the buggy, Roger was doing odd jobs around Father Goodwin's church.

One day, while he was cleaning the floor of the church, Touhy learned for the first time that it was Judas, one of the disciples in the painting of The Last Supper, who betrayed Jesus Christ for a handful of silver. From that day on, Touhy said, he had an undying hatred of stool pigeons.

Tragedy began early in Roger Touhy's life and dogged his footsteps to his last hour on earth. When he was only 10 his mother was burned to death in an explosion of the kitchen stove in the Touhy home. And in the years that followed all of the Touhy brothers were in and out of the clutches of the law. Four of them, including Roger, were slain by gunfire.

**W**HEN America entered the First World War Roger gave up his job as a telegraph operator in Colorado and returned to Chicago to enlist in the Navy. He never got overseas, but he did serve a hitch at Harvard University as an instructor in telegraphy at a special school the Navy set up for officers and enlisted men. In later years Touhy would often raise the eyebrows of police officers and court authorities by informing them that he once taught at Harvard.

The Harvard angle was only one of the many sidelights in Roger Touhy's stormy career which enabled him to convince himself that, regardless of what the law and the newspapers might say, he was basically a good guy who believed in the respectable philosophy of "live and let live."

For most of his life Touhy was a practicing Roman Catholic, who did things for the church that even the more respectable members often omitted to do. Touhy often told of visits from prominent citizens in his home town of suburban Des Plaines, who urged him to run for mayor.

"I was a rich but honest bootlegger," said Touhy, "and in prohibition days there wasn't much stigma attached to being a bootlegger if your beer was good to drink. And mine was."

When the Illinois courts finally threw  
(Continued on page 92)



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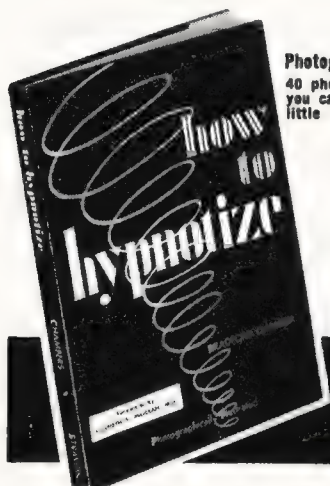
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the book at him in the Factor kidnaping case, the newspapers seized upon the old nickname of "The Terrible," which Tommy Touhy had carried in the 1920's. Even to the day he was slain, Roger winced at the title and considered it unfair to call him "Terrible Touhy," especially when he had never killed a man or run afoul of the law for anything more horrifying than a parking ticket.

But time and circumstances, along with the Capone mob, were destined to make life a terrible experience for Roger Touhy.

When he started life anew after his discharge from the Navy, he showed himself to be a smart businessman by making a cool \$25,000 in the Oklahoma oil fields. But he didn't enjoy life in the wide open spaces of the Southwest nearly as much as he did in the roar of the big city.

So back to Chicago he went, where, in 1922, he was married to a pretty girl named Clara who had worked with him on the telegraph keys before he joined the Navy. From that time on Touhy's life began to follow a pattern that led, almost inevitably, into what he called "the respectable side of bootlegging."

First he went into the garage and auto sales business. Business was so good that soon he moved into an even bigger garage location. In addition to automobiles, he began selling trucks, and it was this decision that gave him his start as a bootlegger.

Every now and then trucks would be standing idle in his garage, waiting for a purchaser to come along. The prohibition law was still on the books, and the saloons and speakeasies were making plenty of money selling beer from brewers who were turning out illegal as well as legal stuff. The illegal beer was usually much better to drink than the legal one-half-of-one-percent brew.

Touhy put his idle trucks to work by permitting drivers to use them to haul bootleg beer to saloons. It was a small operation at first, and Touhy received only enough money to help him realize something on the purchase price of the trucks. But the easy money gave him ideas, and it wasn't long before he ditched the automobile sales business even though it was bringing him \$50,000 a year. He turned his undivided attention to the bootlegging of beer, making sure it was good brew, the very best.

For a cash payment of \$10,000 Touhy bought a partnership in the beer business with an elderly bootleg distributor named Matt Kolb. They worked hard, leaving no stone unturned in an effort to turn out the best beer in the country. Most of the brew back in prohibition days was pretty bad, but people felt they were lucky to get anything at all in the way of a cool glass of beer. Touhy went about his new work like a man inspired. He even enlisted the expert advice of chemists who found a spot in Illinois where the water was the very best type that could be used in the brewing process.

As Touhy later wrote in his book, "The Stolen Years": "This was an illegal operation, in violation of a Federal law which everyone regarded with the same fondness as a kick with a No. 11 boot. But clergymen, bankers, mayors, U. S. senators, newspaper publishers, blue-nose reformers, and

the guy in the corner grocery all drank our beer. They enjoyed it and I was proud."

Soon the quality of Touhy's beer was known far and wide. When the drinking season was at its height he and Kolb were selling nearly a thousand barrels of beer a week to saloon owners who eagerly paid a purchase price of about \$55 a barrel. Since they were working the suburban areas of Cook County and not engaged in dealings within the inner limits of Chicago itself, Touhy and Kolb found that payoffs to grafting police and other officials were hardly necessary. The main thing was to keep good will, and that was accomplished by slipping the top officials a token gift at Christmas—a ham, a nominal gift of money or, if they really wanted to make a cop happy, a barrel of beer left on his doorstep.

Since Touhy's territory included a wide area northwest of Chicago, the bootleg operation was spread pretty thin over a large and thickly populated area of Illinois. The business boomed in a quiet sort of a way until, by Touhy's own estimate, the brewery was bringing in a gross of a million dollars a year. The take became even greater in the late 1920's, when Touhy and Kolb got around to starting a sideline which was also illegal. They installed more than 200 slot machines in well-paying locations, and soon the profit on this operation alone showed signs that it might out-distance the beer business.

Everything was rolling along in great style in 1927 when Touhy had his first dealings with Al Capone. By that time Capone was running into real trouble with the Federal agents. The Feds had begun their long drive to put Capone out of business by raiding his breweries in Chicago and putting them out of commission. So when Capone didn't have enough beer to meet the demands of his customers, he turned to Touhy.

Touhy agreed to sell Capone 800 barrels, but afterward, according to Touhy's story, Capone tried to "weasel out" on part of the payment by claiming that some of the barrels had leaks. Touhy stood his ground and demanded full payment. From that day on the two became bitter enemies in the battle for a bootleg empire, and especially so after brother John Touhy was killed over a territorial dispute with the Capone mob in 1927.

The second shot in the Capone-Touhy struggle for power came in November, 1931 when Touhy's partner, Matt Kolb, was murdered by two gunmen who walked into a speakeasy he owned in suburban Morton Grove. Capone denied any direct responsibility for Kolb's slaying and even sent a \$100 wreath to the funeral. Touhy, in a fit of rage, tore the floral piece to shreds outside the funeral home.

This incident was a signal for a fight to the finish. Touhy felt that any day now Capone's mob would try to eliminate him from the scene, either with a machine-gun blast or a frame-up. Touhy lived to say that it was with the more subtle art of the frame-up that Capone finally did him in.

**W**ITH the approach of the presidential election of 1932, in which Franklin D. Roosevelt was to win a thumping vic-



tory over Herbert Hoover, it became increasingly apparent that prohibition was on its way out. Touhy said the prospect didn't bother him a bit, because he figured he could still make plenty of money as a brewer of legal beer.

The coming of the big depression of the 30's, however, changed the battle lines in the gangland wars. With the beer business dropping off sharply, and with competition from legitimate breweries a certainty, Capone's gangsters were finding it more and more difficult to make ends meet.

It was under these conditions that the mob turned to other sources of income. They found a fertile field in labor unions which over the years had amassed millions of dollars in their treasuries.

During the years before he became a bootlegger Touhy had served as a union organizer for a time, and he always regarded himself as a friend of the labor unions. So when the Capone mob began moving in, trying to gain control of the top posts of union leadership in the Teamsters Union, Roger fought back by supporting the union leaders and warning them of Capone's real intentions to get their money.

This, of course, infuriated the mob to the boiling point. One day two men tried to kidnap Roger's two young sons as they were leaving school to join their mother, who had driven by to pick them up. One of the teachers saw the would-be kidnapers and screamed a warning. The attempt to snatch the two boys failed.

Viewing this as a declaration of war against his family, Touhy hired two bodyguards to protect his wife and children.

After Roosevelt's election in 1932, and the repeal of prohibition which followed, the gangland scene in Chicago changed rapidly. Al Capone had been convicted of income tax evasion and was behind bars, but his mob was still in business. And the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby had launched another type of criminal activity that was pushing bootlegging gangsters off the front pages. Law enforcement officials everywhere, and particularly in Chicago, were riding into office by promising to crack down on kidnapers.

The Democratic landslide that put Roosevelt into the White House had a far-reaching effect on the elections in Chicago. Among those who went into office on the Democratic ticket was Thomas J. Courtney. He became State's Attorney of Cook County, one of the nation's most important prosecuting offices because it included crime-ridden Chicago within its jurisdiction.

Shortly after his election Courtney appointed Daniel "Tubbo" Gilbert as his chief investigator. Gilbert, a Chicago police captain, had investigated the Teamsters and Bartenders' Unions. Another important appointment made by Courtney was that of First Assistant State's Attorney, and the job fell to Wilbert F. Crowley, who was to become chief prosecutor in the Factor kidnapping case. In fact, all three men—Courtney, Gilbert and Crowley—were destined to be the chief architects of the courtroom prosecution that sent Roger Touhy to prison.

Then came the fateful night of June 30-July 1, 1933, when Jake the Barber Factor was reportedly kidnaped from a Capone syndicate night club called The Dells, which was located in Morton Grove, Illinois.

Twelve days after his disappearance Factor showed up on the streets of suburban La Grange, wearing a beard and claiming that his kidnapers had held him for \$70,000 ransom.

As we said, when the kidnaping story broke, British Crown representatives were quick to call the whole thing a hoax, engineered simply to help Factor avoid extradition to England.

Tubbo Gilbert thought otherwise. His job as chief prosecutor made him a powerful figure in the situation and he announced, without hesitation, that the "Touhy gang" had kidnaped Factor and held him for the ransom.

According to Touhy's story, he spent part of the evening of June 30th taking a trip to a hospital to visit his brother Tommy. The remainder of the evening he sat on the front porch with his wife Clara and her friend Emily Ivins. Touhy also said he first learned he was charged with engineering the kidnaping when he read Gilbert's statement in the newspapers. Nobody bothered to question him before the announcement. This Touhy regarded as the beginning of the drive to frame him.

Meanwhile, Factor's version of his abduction came in for some rough knocking around by Franklin R. Overmeyer, the lawyer representing the British government. In an interview in the *Chicago Tribune* Overmeyer flatly charged that there had been no kidnaping and that Factor was fooling the public. Again let us review the background of Factor's extradition status.

Only two years before, the U. S. Commissioner in Chicago had ruled that Factor should be extradited to England to face the swindle accusations and a possible prison term. But the case dragged along in the courts while Factor repaid large sums of money to British investors who claimed they had been milked of their savings.

In April of 1933, when the British lawyers were preparing to argue the extradition case before the U. S. Supreme Court, the newspapers carried a story that Factor's son Jerome had been kidnaped in Chicago. Jerome's disappearance caused a new delay in the extradition hearings in Washington, although the boy later returned home safe and sound. He said he had been blindfolded by his kidnapers and so would never be able to identify them.

It was not surprising, therefore, that when Jake Factor himself disappeared in a kidnap plot, the British officials took a dim view of the situation.

When Jake reappeared on a street in La Grange on the night of July 12th, just twelve days after he was kidnaped, he walked up to a police car occupied by Patrolman Bernard Gerard. Although Factor was wearing a beard, Gerard noticed a few things that he would later mention when called upon to testify in court. Fac-

(Continued on page 94)

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tor, for instance, wore a clean white suit which appeared to have been freshly pressed. His necktie was neatly in place on a clean white shirt. Gerard also noted that Factor's hands and face were clean and his shoes seemed to be polished.

When Factor arrived in Chicago he gave a brief interview in which he declared he had been kidnaped and held in the basement of a house located within an hour's driving time of the city. Factor said the experience had been a terrible one because his kidnapers had refused to let him shave, take a bath, or change his clothing. He said the only time he didn't wear a blindfold was the brief few minutes the kidnapers ordered him to write a ransom note. It was then, according to his story, that he saw Roger Touhy in the room. As for the ransom, Jake said that his wife Rella had secured the \$70,000 asked and a friend of the family made the payoff delivery at a rendezvous on a lonely rural road.

**N**EWSPAPER editorial writers promptly made a crusade out of the case and called for an all-out effort to capture the gang responsible for the kidnaping. The FBI entered the picture under the direction of Federal Agent Melvin Purvis, who later became famous as the man who engineered the killing of John Dillinger.

While Chief Investigator Tubbo Gilbert and Melvin Purvis pushed their probe of Factor's story, Touhy remained at his home for several days, expecting the authorities to show up and ask him plenty of questions. They failed to make an appearance, so one day Touhy decided to go on a long

postponed fishing trip to Wisconsin, taking with him three of his friends and bodyguards. In addition to Touhy, the four—some included "Chicken" McFadden, "Gloomy Gus" Stevens who had a record for armed robbery, and Willie Sharkey, a hood who was a close friend of McFadden's.

After several days of fishing the group began their return trip. A light rain was falling as Touhy and his three companions were riding through the town of Elkhorn, Wisconsin. Touhy was driving when the Chrysler skidded on the wet pavement and struck a telephone pole. When police arrived for a routine investigation they searched the car and found some papers with Touhy's name on them and a gun he had brought along for target practice in the woods. With these discoveries the police promptly hauled Touhy, Stevens, McFadden and Sharkey off to jail.

The police in Elkhorn had acted for a good reason. While Touhy and the others were away from Chicago, the papers had carried a statement by Tubbo Gilbert that he now had the evidence which, beyond a doubt, would prove that the Touhy gang was guilty of the kidnaping of Jake Factor.

Melvin Purvis and Gilbert came to Elkhorn and talked with the four men in jail. In addition to the Factor case, Touhy learned he was also facing a charge of kidnaping the millionaire brewer of St. Paul—William Hamm Jr. The Hamm abduction had taken place about fifteen days before Factor disappeared. Hamm was released after being held four days, during which time a \$100,000 ransom had been

paid.

Melvin Purvis now said that the Federal government had an ironclad case against Touhy and his pals for the Hamm kidnaping.

Tubbo Gilbert relinquished prosecution of the Factor case, and custody of the prisoners, to allow Purvis to continue with the prosecution of Touhy for the Hamm crime.

The government took the prisoners—Touhy, McFadden, Stevens and Sharkey—in chains from Elkhorn to the county jail in Milwaukee.

By chains we mean handcuffs which are attached to an escape-proof belt around the prisoner's waist, from which extends a chain so that the prisoner can be held like a dog on a leash.

The removal was a direct and absolute violation of the men's Constitutional rights. They were taken across a state line without a court appearance, without an extradition warrant, without their own consent. They were not taken before a magistrate within a reasonable time as the law requires. The demands of the prisoners to see a lawyer were denied.

Here is what Touhy has to say about this episode in his book "The Stolen Years."

"The government took us in chains from Elkhorn to the county jail at Milwaukee. Weeks of hell followed. We were maximum-security prisoners, in separate cells. No consultations with lawyers, no visits by families, no radio broadcasts, no newspapers.

"I went into the jail in excellent physical shape. When I came out I was 25 pounds lighter, three vertebrae in my upper spine were fractured, and seven of my teeth had been knocked out. Part of the FBI's rehabilitation-of-prisoners system, I suppose. All of the men who gave me the treatment were strangers to me.

"They questioned me day and night, abused me, beat me up and demanded that I confess the Hamm kidnaping. Never was I allowed to rest for more than half an hour. If I was asleep when a team of interrogators arrived at my cell, they would slug me around and bang me against the wall. I trained myself to sleep for twenty minutes and be on my feet for the questioners.

"I couldn't have confessed if I had wanted to. I didn't know what Hamm looked like, how the ransom was paid, where he was held, or anything else. Neither did McFadden, Stevens or Sharkey. But that seemingly made no difference.

"On August 13 a Federal grand jury in St. Paul indicted all of us for kidnaping.

"Jangle, jangle, jangle, we went in our chains to the Ramsey county jail in St. Paul. The beatings stopped, but not the maximum security. We were allowed no visitors, including lawyers. Our trial date was approaching and we were totally unprepared."

In the trial that followed the four men were found innocent of the Hamm kidnaping. Two years later members of John Dillinger's gang were destined to be convicted for the crime after Arthur "Doc" Barker, Alvin "Creepy" Karpis and other members of the mob pleaded guilty.

But the worst was yet to come for Touhy,  
(Continued on page 96)



"I don't have much money—how's my credit?"



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Stevens, McFadden and Sharkey. Although they were acquitted in this case, they were taken back to Chicago in chains to face trial in the Factor case. Before the trial began Willie Sharkey, despondent because of his treatment in Milwaukee, hanged himself with his own necktie in the Ramsey county jail. A few days later the Cook County prosecutors brought in another man and charged him with taking part in the Factor kidnapping. The newcomer was Albert Kator, who once had driven a beer truck for Touhy.

To serve as his lawyer in the courtroom battle which was to follow, Touhy secured the services of William Scott Stewart, a Chicago attorney who was to prove more of a hindrance than a help. As the trial began the State announced that it "would seek the death penalty for the Touhy gangsters."

In addition to Factor, the star witness, Prosecutor Wilbert Crowley had three other important witnesses whose testimony proved damaging to Touhy's defense. One was Eddie Schwabauer, a former employee of Touhy's whom he fired about three weeks before Factor disappeared. The second was Eddie's mother, Mrs. Clara Szech, a woman who had spent most of her life making a living by scrubbing floors. Both of them gave testimony which contradicted Touhy's account of his whereabouts on the night of June 30th, when Factor dropped out of sight.

The third witness for the prosecution was Buck Henrichsen, a man Touhy had befriended when times were tough and money and work were hard to find. Buck testified that Touhy had instructed him to find a house which was to be rented in McFadden's name. And it was in this house, a two-story structure in Glenview, that the prosecution claimed Factor was kept captive for part of the twelve days he was missing.

Touhy's attorney also came up with a couple of surprise witnesses, one of whom was Policeman Gerard, who first saw Factor in La Grange. Gerard repeated for the court his impressions of Factor's appearance on the day he saw him in La Grange. Again he gave a picture of a neatly-dressed, well-groomed Jake the Barber who hardly looked as though he had spent twelve days in the hands of brutal kidnappers.

Probably the best witness Touhy had was Father Weber, a Catholic priest who said he had been with Roger at his home on July 8th and was convinced he had nothing to do with the kidnapping. The Father even broadly hinted that, in his opinion, Touhy was being framed. And when Crowley asked him whether he knew that Touhy was a bootlegger, Father Weber answered this way: "I knew that Roger Touhy sold beer, and I also knew a lot of good people who drank it."

As the trial proceeded Touhy and Stewart began arguing between themselves over the best way to present the case for the defense. Touhy wanted very much to take the stand and testify in his own behalf, but Stewart advised against this, saying he would then have to call Stevens and Kator to testify. Since both Stevens and Kator had felony records, it would be risky to subject them to a cross-examina-

tion which might prejudice the jury.

**A**FTER nearly a month of courtroom maneuvering the jury finally came in on February 2nd and the foreman announced that the panel had not yet reached a verdict. Instead of sending the jurors out for more deliberation, the judge dismissed them, ending the trial. But there was to be a new trial just as soon as the prosecution could rearrange its case.

In the meantime, Touhy and the other defendants went back to jail. Convinced now that a new approach was needed, Roger signed an affidavit saying that he no longer wished to be represented by Stewart. The move was agreeable with Stewart, who wanted to get out of the new trial. But Judge Feinberg refused to permit Stewart to give up the case, and when the retrial began on February 13th, Touhy had to have Stewart for his lawyer whether he liked it or not.

The prosecution presented a new witness in Ike Costner, a Tennessee moonshiner who had been involved in a \$105,000 mail truck robbery in Charlotte, North Carolina. Costner testified that he had been one of those who aided in kidnapping Factor, and he also fingered Touhy as being in the gang. There was question, however, as to whether Costner was turning State's evidence on a promise that he would draw a light sentence on the mail robbery charge.

One of the strangest incidents of the trial occurred during Costner's testimony, when he was called upon to point out and identify Touhy among the persons in the crowded courtroom. Earlier Touhy had overheard Tubbo Gilbert whispering to Costner that Touhy was "the man in the light suit." During a brief recess Touhy managed to get out of his light suit and into a blue one.

When Costner was asked to point out Touhy, he looked wildly around the courtroom for a man in a light suit. According to Touhy, Costner never would have identified him except for the action taken by Stewart, who told Roger to stand up. Touhy did stand up and Costner then pointed him out. But it irritated Touhy no end that he was identified by Costner with the aid of his own lawyer.

Costner's damaging testimony named Touhy, Stevens and Kator as accomplices in the Factor kidnapping, and it was on this statement that the prosecution successfully rested its case. The jury came in with a verdict of guilty and a sentence of 99 years in prison for each of the three defendants.

From inside the prison walls at Stateville Touhy continued his fight to gain new hearings, appeals and other legal moves in an effort to prove his innocence. He met one disappointment after another, and eight years of the 99-year sentence had been chalked off the calendar by October of 1942. It was in that month that Touhy and Basil "The Owl" Banghart led five other prisoners in a sensational escape from the penitentiary that still serves as a working example for Hollywood movies on prison breaks.

Touhy and four of the escaped convicts were taken in Chicago, where they managed to elude capture for 82 days. Two of the group, James O'Connor and St. Clair



McInerney, were shot and killed in a gun battle with FBI men when they tried to flee.

When Touhy returned to Stateville he was informed that his sentence had been increased by 199 years, making it now a total of 298 years! The added sentence was tacked on because Touhy aided and abetted in the escape of another prisoner from the penitentiary.

The 82 days of hard-won freedom only gave Touhy new incentive to step up his efforts to prove his innocence. Outside the prison walls many people began to believe his story that he had been framed. Among those who took an interest in the case were two lawyers, one from Knoxville, Tennessee, the other from Chicago.

The Knoxville lawyer, Homer Atkins, got word to Touhy that he had absolute proof that Ike Costner was in Tennessee and not Chicago at the time of the alleged kidnapping. With that as a start, a private detective was sent to Knoxville and he came back with sworn statements backing up the story that Costner was not in Chicago during the period that Factor was missing.

The Chicago lawyer who entered the case was Robert B. Johnstone. In the months afterward he suffered a nervous breakdown because of his hard-working efforts to gain Touhy his freedom. Johnstone sidetracked his entire law practice and devoted his complete attention to Touhy's cause, thereby turning down thousands of dollars in fees in order to devote himself to springing Roger from prison.

Finally, in September, 1953, Judge John P. Barnes of the U. S. District Court in Northern Illinois granted Touhy a hearing. For the next 36 days the stories of fifty-seven witnesses were heard, both in person and by deposition. Touhy himself for the first time had the chance to take the stand and tell his own story.

Among the witnesses who reappeared were Eddie Schwabauer and his mother, Mrs. Sczech, both of whom did a flip-flop and denied the sworn statements they had made in the trial back in 1934.

The hearings finally ended, and on August 9, 1954 Touhy entered the United States Courthouse in Chicago to learn whether or not Judge Barnes would grant him his freedom. It was first a tense moment for Touhy, and then a split second of unbelievable good fortune as the judge began to read his decision:

"The court finds that John Factor was not kidnapped for ransom or otherwise on the night of June 30th or July 1st, 1933, though he was taken as a result of his own connivance . . . And the court finds that Roger Touhy did not kidnap John Factor and, in fact, had no part in the alleged kidnapping of John Factor."

In commenting on Touhy himself, the judge said that he "had never been convicted of a felony. He was a family man, having a wife and two sons of whom he was very proud. He had a brother Tommy who had a criminal record, with whom, in the public mind, Roger was sometimes confused."

Barnes went on to give his ideas about the motive for railroading Roger to prison. "Touhy had incurred the dislike of Cap-

tain Gilbert, the chief investigator, and had also gained the enmity of the Capone mob, principally because of his aiding labor union officials in their fight against the taking over of their unions by the Capone gang."

Barnes ruled that Touhy should go free, but this decision was overruled by a U. S. Appellate Court which said that there was no question involved about Touhy's innocence of the Factor charges; however, the 199-year term for the escape was the hitch.

The Court of Appeals ruled that in order for Touhy to go free on a court order, he would have to carry the 199-year conviction all the way through the Illinois State courts and up to the Federal courts.

After being free 49 hours Touhy was remanded back to Stateville.

As a result of Judge Barnes' decision, however, Touhy was made eligible for parole late in 1959, when Governor Stratton of Illinois agreed to commute the sentences. The release date actually came in late October, and for the first time in twenty-five years Roger Touhy walked outside the walls of Stateville a free man.

But in less than four weeks a cold wind stirred the edges of Touhy's grave as six workmen lowered his coffin into a plot in the northwest corner of Chicago's Mount Carmel Cemetery, known as the Boot Hill of gangsters. There was no wake, no funeral procession, no floral wreaths, and only a few mourners. Only Touhy's wife Clara and one of his sons, Tommy, were present at the seven-minute graveside service.

Why was Touhy cut down just as he was beginning to pick up his life as a free man? The theories and explanations range far and wide, and the matter is still an open question.

Two Federal prosecutors in Chicago put the blame squarely on the Mafia or crime syndicate that rules in the shadowy border areas between organized business and political racketeering.

Still another theory comes from Virgil Peterson, the former FBI agent who is now Operating Director of the Chicago Crime Commission. He says the chubby, vengeful hand of Al Capone may have reached from the grave to murder Touhy because the gang had a grudge against him.

And from Tubbo Gilbert, the chief investigator in the Factor trial, comes another explanation. Gilbert suggests that Touhy was killed because he made an unfair split of the \$70,000 ransom money which was supposedly paid to the kidnapers who carried Factor away. However, in view of Judge Barnes' decision, this doesn't seem likely.

Even though Roger Touhy has been laid to rest, it may be a long time before the books will be closed on a case which has rocked the political framework of Chicago to its very roots. No one case in the city's history has revealed so clearly the closely-knit relationships between the politicians, the courts and the men who rule the mob. They say it was a straw that broke the camel's back—and the name of Roger Touhy may yet become a symbol for the straw that broke the back of organized crime in Chicago.

THE END

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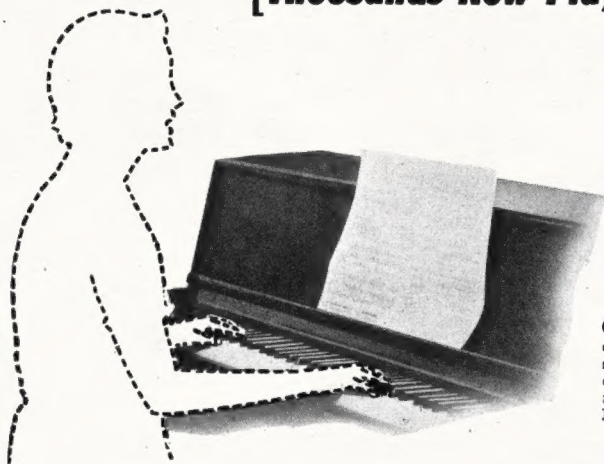
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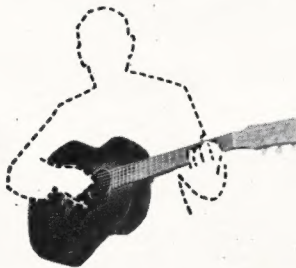


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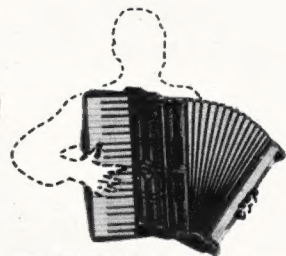
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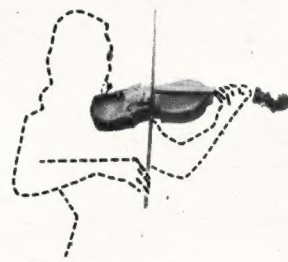
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